WEEK ENDING MAY 30 1925

5¢

Liberty

...Everybody

Beginning in this issue:

MADAME JUDAS *A New Serial* By MARGARET TURNBULL

Essex Alone Gives This Quality and This Price

The Reason for its Amazing Sale

Buyers know what Essex gives can be had elsewhere only at far higher cost. The great Essex sales record is due to no other thing. It is recognition of a value leadership so overwhelming that it is not even challenged.

Today's Essex is the greatest of all Essex values. It is the finest Essex ever built. It is the smoothest, most reliable Essex ever built. It is the best looking, most comfortably riding Essex ever built. We believe its maintenance and operation the most economical of any car in the world. And the price, because of famous patents, with volume manufacturing advantages that are absolutely exclusive, is the lowest at which Essex ever sold.

Essex won its wide acknowledgment on finest quality without useless size or weight, and a price advantage equaled nowhere in the world. Greater size could add nothing to Essex. It has in brilliant evidence the qualities which weight and size are built to give—riding comfort, solidness, distinction, and smooth, quiet pace.

THINK—*Where Else So Much for*
$895
Freight and Tax Extra

On every side its hosts of owners praise it with such pride and conviction as we have never heard for any other car. What they say has revealed this great value to thousands of buyers. It is reflected in the greatest sales in our history. And the rapidity of this sales increase shows how thoroughly the facts about Essex have penetrated the entire market. Wherever you go, note how Hudson-Essex outnumber all new sixes—the surpassing proof of value—greatest sales.

THE FINEST ESSEX EVER BUILT

Thank Goodness!

—it wasn't really true

FOR weeks she had been upset. Dark doubts and misgivings crowded through her mind. He had been so attentive; yet when he went away he didn't write. ¶ Could it possibly be that insidious thing—what is it the magazines speak of when your breath is not just right? ¶ Finally his letter came; everything *was* all right. ¶ But never again did she omit that simple precaution in her toilet. She wanted to be sure.

It's true. Even your best friends will not tell you when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the trouble.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses: note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk.* There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

***LISTERINE** Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.*

MAY 30, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 2 NO. 4

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THEY WANT TO LIVE

James B. Duke of North Carolina made his money in tobacco, and made a great deal of it. Not long ago he wanted to give a great deal of it away, $6,000,000 to be used for the purchase of land and the construction of buildings for an institution to be known as Duke University. This was with the proviso that if Trinity College, at Durham, North Carolina, would change its name to Duke College it could have the $6,000,000. To pay $6,000,000 to substitute one's own name for the Divinity's over a college campus. That is going some!

In the days when the Roman succession was a matter of temporary success in revolting legions and provinces the first thing one of the ephemeral emperors did was to strike off coins of his image, to erect statues of himself as a god, and to build triumphal arches. The first thing his successor did was to overthrow the statues and arches and issue new coinage.

The desire to live built the pyramids. It gave this generation the now opened crypt of the Egyptian we know as Tut, with all the splendors of his time preserved because he wanted to be preserved.

W. A. Clark, fabulously rich copper Senator from Montana, left to the Metropolitan Museum of New York his art collection, providing that it should be kept intact. The trustees of the museum have now most wisely, in our opinion, declined to receive the gift as conditioned. It was not to the advantage of the museum or of the collection that it should be kept intact, but it was to the advantage of the name of Clark.

This man had had a great temporal success. He had enjoyed a fullness of life which, if considered within its temporal span, must suffice temporal desire. But not spiritual.

Nearly every schoolboy who reads Horace wonders, if he is at all imaginative, at the sentence in which the Augustan poet says that in his odes and epodes he has builded him a monument more enduring than brass. How did he, in almost the year one of the Christian era, know that small slaves of classicism in 1925 would be turning into English what he wrote in Latin? He said he knew it and it was true.

All people desire something of their egotism to endure beyond death. They do not know what it will be, in many cases. They know they do not want it to perish. The artist knows he will not. The audacity of Shakespeare must have been as sublime as that of Horace, and Michaelangelo must have turned to dust with the same great content as Praxiteles.

These great achievers of an enduring art knew, as every worker in an almost indestructible medium must know, that the enduring part of them was their work. The enduring part of Tut, Caracalla, and James B. Duke is not their work. Tut left his tomb. Caracalla left his baths. Duke gives his money with a request that Trinity be changed to Duke.

The ephemeral hate ephemerality. In death they cling to life. It was the spiritual happiness of Wagner, Chopin, Mozart, Beethoven, Keats, and a whole galaxy of artists of writing, music, sculpture, and painting to know that they only had to work to live forever, so far as men can define forever.

Soldiers also know that, and soldiers and artists live in a tolerable indifference to the worldly estate because they know if they are successful here they are immortal without other effort.

IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Madame Judas. *Beginning a new novel of conflicting passions, hidden crime, and elusive mystery* ....By MARGARET TURNBULL	5
What His Family Thinks of Irvin S. Cobb. *A brilliant daughter's appraisal of a famous father*....By ELISABETH COBB CHAPMAN	11
Penance. *A lively tale of a new cashier, a new bank, and an old customer.* ....By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE	13
Your Hand Tells Your History. *A skeptic's excursion into the ancient lore of palmistry*....By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW	19
Those Business Luncheons. *Concerning one place where business is next to impossible*....By ROY S. DURSTINE	25
John L. Sullivan: Up from the Depths. *Part eleven of the story of a famous career*....By JOE DORNEY and SID SUTHERLAND	30
Reflections of a Baseball Pitcher's Wife. *The story of a woman's way with a national hero*....By MRS. WALTER JOHNSON	33
Lines Take Precedence in Season's Modes. *Fashions*.... ....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS	37
Stylish Vacation Dresses Easily Made at Home. *Patterns*..By PATRICIA	38
$500 a Week for Limericks. *The winners and another chance*....	39
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 30....	39
Boris Buys a Rose. *A romance of a broken Russian nobleman, his valet, and a pretty girl*....By SAMUEL SPEWACK	40
A Page of Movie Reviews....By ALVA TAYLOR	43
$50,000 for an Idea for a Story. *Liberty's newest and greatest contest*....	45
The Spider and the Flyer. *Concluding a two-part tale of adventure in the sky*....By WILLIAM S. FORMAN	47
Any Job Fits an Ambitious College Man. *Strange ways in which our boys make money in vacation time*....By HUGH FULLERTON	52
The Spring Luncheon. *Household hints*....By ETHEL M. SOMERS	54

Cover Design by Walter Beach Humphrey

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

From Call Boy to Earl—A Backstage Romance

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND tells the story—an appealing tale of a wistful, insignificant stage hand, the amazing fortune that befell him, and the chorus girl he worshiped from afar. *The Call Boy* is the title. You'll like it.

Campbell Photo.
CHARLES G. NORRIS

Charles G. Norris writes of *A Famous Wife's Husband*—himself—revealing how he felt when folks began calling him "Mr. Kathleen Norris," and what he did about it. His solution of the problem was rather surprising, and most successful.

Frank Condon, as a Californian, emits a hilarious retort to a recent Liberty article on Florida in *A Native Son Explodes*. With fine abandon, he denounces the Palm Beach State and cheerfully predicts for it the gloomiest of futures.

Henry Holt contributes a thrilling yarn of adventure in Africa, called *The Creeping Shadow*.

John Taintor Foote narrates a lively new episode out of *Trub's Diary*, and *Margaret Turnbull's* mystery novel, *Madame Judas*, takes an unexpected turn in its exciting second installment.

May 30, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 2, No. 4

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, Tribune Square, 435 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Madame JUDAS

An Exciting New Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

By

MARGARET TURNBULL

Pictures by
WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

ANDREW DICKERSON began walking up and down, cursing softly, as was his habit. It somehow helped him to think.

TEN O'CLOCK at night in a small country town is the equivalent of midnight in a city, in so far as deserted streets and the unlikelihood of any unexpected social interruption are concerned. Therefore, Andrew Dickerson felt himself safe in taking off coat and collar, flinging a lounging robe about him, thrusting his feet into slippers, and lighting his most disreputable pipe.

Having completed these preparations for an evening's hard work at his desk, he looked out at the deserted Courthouse Square, pulled his blind down over the only lighted window in sight, settled into his big, comfortable, leather arm chair, and pushed impatiently at the papers piled on the briefcase lying upon the huge table-topped desk.

His preparations made, he found himself immensely unable to concentrate on the task before him. His mind was full of the trial. Ever since he had taken this case, far back in his mind something had kept whispering, hinting, that he had not yet the right angle, that there was something that eluded him.

Today in court had proved that this inward monitor was right. Now he meant to find out the right angle if it took him all night. His weary body slumped lower in the chair as his active mind slowly revolved before him the proceedings of the day, seeking his angle, his clew.

It had been a long day in court, an extremely trying though apparently inactive day for him. The case of *The People vs. Gilbert Eliot* had been duly opened, and, despite study, gathering of material, and taking of testimony, his interest in the defendant and the case, he found himself on this first day in court utterly at sea as to his own attitude.

Immediately court adjourned he had hurried to his office, denied himself to everybody, dismissed his secretary, and shut himself up, determined that tonight he would take the case to pieces and reconsider his own attitude.

Something, he knew, must be done, or this would be written down in legal history as a case in which Andrew Dickerson had "come a cropper." No, not that, quite, for he had legal skill and histrionic ability far beyond that possessed by any of his opponents. He could blind the public and his fellows to the fact that the case was beyond him, but he could not blind himself. He might and could get through with public approval, but he would forever hate and condemn himself if he failed to dig to the very roots of the matter and sift the last atom of fact and testimony.

A man's life hung on it.

At that thought he rose, paced up and down the room, and began stating to himself, in the simplest words possible, his case, rejecting all the detail that had come to him in the two weeks and more that he had worked on it.

The facts, as set forth in the indictments and the papers, were that Dr. Charles Fairlie of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania, wealthy, well liked, a practicing physician, had died on February 26, less than a month ago, of what had been locally reported as "ptomaine poisoning." A week later his body had been exhumed and enough arsenic found in its contents to have poisoned three men. Dr. Gilbert Eliot, formerly his assistant, a beneficiary under Doctor Fairlie's will, had been accused of his murder.

These were the known facts, and Andrew Dickerson was Gilbert Eliot's attorney. This

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

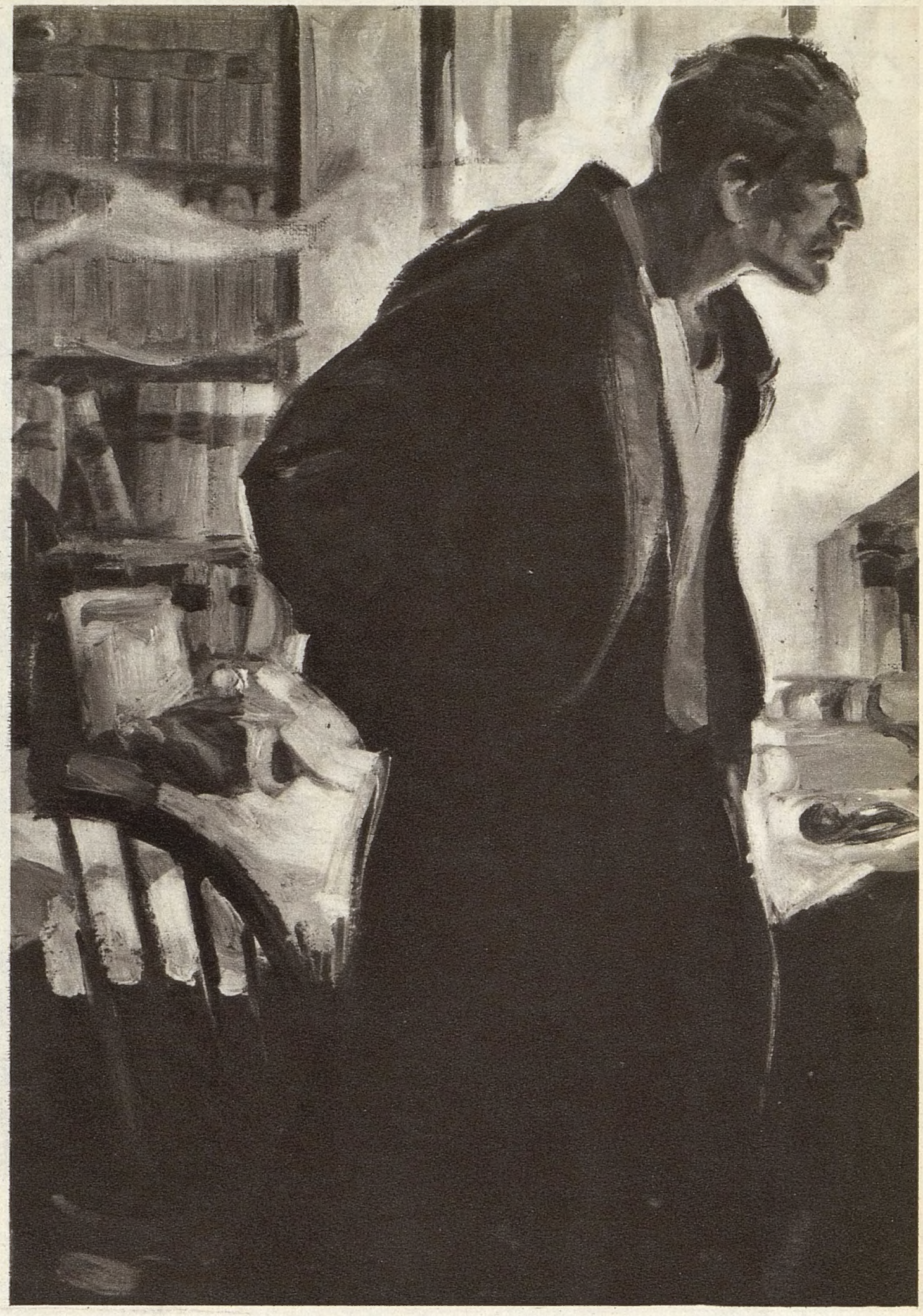
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

had been brought about by Miss Eve Hamilton, a friend of the murdered man and also a friend of the man accused of murder.

Andrew Dickerson admitted to himself that he had taken the case primarily because Miss Hamilton had asked him to. The prosecuting attorney was very anxious to have Andrew Dickerson assist him; for, though Andrew Dickerson might pretend to forget that he was one of the most brilliant criminal lawyers in the East, other people had not forgotten.

Since he had deliberately turned his back on New York and announced his intention of curtailing his practice and leading a more leisurely existence in the country, the telephone and telegraph daily brought him demands and entreaties to take this or that difficult case, or at least to assist the attorney of record.

Now he remembered the way in which District Attorney Jernay had taken his refusal, saying, meaningly: "Another of Miss Hamilton's conquests. The woman's a menace!"



ANDREW DICKERSON began walking up and down, cursing softly, as was his habit, stopping once in a while to thrust the logs in his open fire apart or nearer together—for, though it was spring, the evenings were chilly—or to pick up and read one of the legal documents spread on his desk.

Through all his prowlings the room was filled with the sound of his soft, mellow voice rolling out in subdued volume, yet somehow clear and distinct, every picturesque epithet that he had ever known or used.

It was a habit of which he had grown quite unconscious. It somehow helped him to think, and now, as he strolled up and down, black curses streaming from his lips, his eyes fixed, he presented the unique spectacle of a man who swore to himself as another man would have hummed or whistled. In the throes of briefing his case or planning his cross-examination, Andrew Dickerson cursed the world—and his soul expanded.

The place he was in was quaint enough to make an effective setting for him. With his height, his clear browned skin, and handsome features, set off by his white and black hair, in streaks that seemed to belong to the modern art of decoration rather than to nature, Andrew Dickerson was a striking figure. His heavy brows and firm mouth gave his face, in repose, a strength that was stern and only contradicted by the gray eyes which looked out under his dark brows in a humorous search for the truth—that truth which humanity, seeking a successful "pleader" in criminal cases, always protested they were so anxious to present him with and yet so tenaciously withheld.

His office was a small one-story red brick structure, set on the edge of the green space dotted with trees that surrounded the courthouse and made up one side of what was known as Courthouse Square. It had been built some sixty years ago, and had remained in the same legal family until Andrew Dickerson, retiring from his city practice less than a year ago, had seen it, liked it—its peace, its proximity to the old courthouse in the quaint old county seat—and sought it from the estate.

Inside, the building consisted of an anteroom for his clients, with pictures of dead and gone lawyers on the walls, and books covering all one side of the room save where a door led into his private office.

It was about this private office that Andrew Dickerson was prowling. A large room, big enough for a man of Andrew Dickerson's size to take five or six good swinging steps both ways. It was furnished with comfortable leather chairs, a great leather couch or davenport, open book shelves, reaching to the ceiling, filled with law books, and two narrow rows of shelves, on each side of the fireplace, curtained, containing fiction in French and English.

A bachelor, Andrew found his office convenient, and when on a difficult case frequently spent the night there. Tonight, as he paced, so deeply was he immersed in his case that he saw before him not the four familiar walls of his office, lined with his law books, but the courtroom and the principals in the dreadful tragedy before him.

Never in Andrew Dickerson's wide legal experience had such a case been his.

Here was a drama enacted not by hardened criminals, or even by those so low in the social scale that crime was their only escape from the dullness and drabness of their lives, but by the best and oldest families in the country. Pilloried before their public, caught in a web of passion, their private lives had been hauled into the daylight and held up for their fellow citizens to point at, and they themselves pitied, condemned, insulted, or utterly vituperated.

Doctor Fairlie, the murdered man, had been the best friend and physician of Willett's Bridge, a country town ten or twelve miles away, as his father before him had been. Therefore, Willett's Bridge, lamenting its beloved physician, called aloud for vengeance.

Yet the man accused of his murder was championed by one for whom not only Willett's Bridge but also this town, Hillsborough, the county seat, had high respect. Miss Eve Hamilton, last remaining member of a powerful and wealthy country family, had money and influence, but if she had had none of these no man would have passed her by. She was as handsome a woman as the county held, and, to

"DO you think I'm so blind that I didn't see what that woman and the district attorney are doing with this case?"

the amazement of all who knew her, continued to remain, unmarried, in the great old Hamilton house, on old King's Road, apparently quite content with her lot.

All her little world had wondered, at intervals, why she had not married Doctor Fairlie, but only Eve Hamilton knew, and she kept her counsel. There had never been any question of Doctor Fairlie's devotion until the last year of his life. A short year ago he had gone away for a month's rest and to look after some property in Connecticut, and had returned to Willett's Bridge two months later with a bride.

Andrew Dickerson drew a long breath and said, "Hell fire and brimstone!"

He swung on his heel and went down and up the room again rapidly as he thought of Mrs. Fairlie. For to think of Mrs. Fairlie was to forget everything and everybody and remember only her beauty. She was one of those women who might have been plain, and yet men's hearts would turn to water and women's to stone when they saw her. She had that elusive something which, be the woman good or bad, makes her irresistible. For want of a better name, we call it "charm"; and, ugly or beautiful, the possessor does not need to care. Mrs. Fairlie had all this, plus beauty, and the result had been—havoc.

Andrew Dickerson knew, even while his own eyes followed her—and the eyes of every man in that courtroom had lingered, dwelt on her, fascinated—that there was not a single feminine eye in the court that had looked on Mrs. Fairlie with anything but curiosity and dislike.

An expert in crowd psychology, Andrew Dickerson, who never missed anything of interest in his audience, saw that every woman, save one, had glanced at Mrs. Fairlie and turned away with the selfsame emotion, depicted in widely different fashion on widely different faces, and looked with interest and pity on his client, Gilbert Eliot. But the eyes of the men had never left Mrs. Fairlie's face, and his jury was solidly masculine.

IMPATIENTLY Andrew Dickerson stooped and poked at the logs in his fireplace. "By God!" he began again, and then lapsed into silence and squatted back on his heels in front of the red glowing logs. In the heart of them he seemed to see the white, set face of his client.

"Damned young fool!" he muttered, and again he marveled at what passion could do to men, and wondered that the very men who had felt, in different degree, what passion had meant should in a court of law so utterly disregard the strength of that emotion or admit it only in a degrading sense.

Passion had brought Gilbert Eliot, clever, brilliant in his promise of great skill and signal honors in his profession—if his medical record meant anything—handsome and attractive in person, behind bars. He was a prisoner on trial for his life, without a real friend in the courtroom save his counsel and Miss Hamilton, the woman who had looked at Mrs. Fairlie with neither envy nor jealousy, but with a clear, steady flame of hatred, as bare and absorbing a passion as love. Doctor Eliot was said to have been in love with Eve Hamilton until Mrs. Fairlie came to Willett's Bridge.

Andrew Dickerson wondered how much truth there was in that. It was the memory of the pain in Eve's great dark eyes fixed on him in the courtroom that had made him fully realize that every atom of brains and strength he had must be spent in this case before he left it in the hands of that unsympathetic jury.

At the thought of his jury he turned toward

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

the door to swing down the room and back. A new string of curses rose to his lips.

Was he dreaming, or *was* the door between his office and the waiting room slowly swinging open?

It opened wide enough to admit a woman, who came in and closed it gently after her.

"Hell's hinges!" exclaimed Andrew Dickerson, emitting the first of the string before he could stop himself. "What are you doing here?"

II.

IT was Eve Hamilton. She looked at him as though she had not heard, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts and purpose; yet she answered his question as she came toward him.

"I had to see you, and at once, and I dared not telephone."

Andrew Dickerson regarded her with just anger. "It seems to me that nothing said over the telephone could be as injurious to a woman in your position as coming here alone at this hour of night."

She stared at him, the same cool, Hamilton stare that he had remembered all these years, only this was the first time she had used it upon him directly since that long-ago Willett's Bridge episode which she had so evidently forgotten, as she had forgotten him. She had treated him, since his acceptance of the case, as an interesting but unknown stranger. It was a long, cool survey with lifted brows, as though for the first time personally regarding the man. He saw with some annoyance that hitherto he had been only that necessary creation of the law, the "attorney for the defense."

"That's absurd!" Eve Hamilton said, still surveying him curiously. "I have looked after myself and my reputation for years, and am still competent to do so. Do you know how old I am?"

"Perfectly," Andrew told her gravely. "About twenty years younger than Helen of Troy when she set her world afire."

Eve began to laugh. "I'm twenty-seven."

"I'm forty myself," he told her, gravely disregarding her laughter, "and I haven't found that that fact saved me anything, or kept me out of mischief."

Eve walked to his window, still smiling, and pulled up the blind. "Out there," she told him mockingly, "on the front seat of the motor are two men who would, in the language of melodrama, tear you limb from limb if you touched a hair of my head. Sam's been coachman for Doctor Fairlie and his father before him, and Joe's been my driver for nearly seventeen years. So do your worst."

It was Andrew's turn to laugh. "Oh, good God!" he gasped. "You didn't think I meant that! It's the 'speech of people,' as my old grandfather used to put it, that I dread. Have you any idea of the sort of dirty mess just being a witness in this case is going to land you in?"

Eve nodded impatiently. "I've had my own fairly keen imagination at work on it, but—since there's no way out—what's to be done?"

"Nothing can be done to save you from the witness stand, but we can do our best not to give them any more handles than they have. The prosecution are sharpening their knives for you. Shall I put it more plainly?"

"No need," Eve told him, grimly, and pulled down the blind, sat down in the chair beside his desk, and began: "I've only got a few minutes to say what I have to say, but those few I'm going to take, no matter how much you object to being—compromised."

This time she did not smile, but leaned toward him and said rapidly: "Do you think I don't know why you're shut up like this, that I'm so blind that I didn't see what that woman and the district attorney are doing with this case? At present we haven't a single point in our favor. There's everything against our case, and everything—beauty, sympathy, and public opinion—on theirs. Unless we can build a better case than we have yet, in spite of all you can do, they'll get him. Isn't that so?"

Andrew Dickerson looked at her savagely. Who was she to come and break in upon him, read his thoughts, and tell him boldly what he refused to think possible?

"Yes," he said, honestly, just after resolving to tell her nothing. "That's true, and do you want to know the reason why? I'll tell you. None of the parties interested in the defense, from the defendant down, are telling me the whole truth. I mean what I say, and I mean *you*."

Eve Hamilton rose and walked toward him, her eyes wide: "You mean Gilbert isn't telling you the truth?"

Andrew Dickerson laughed. "I mean that Gilbert tells me what I presume is the truth so far as he thinks it is good for me, but as for telling me everything, Gilbert Eliot is certainly not doing that. Nor," and he looked at her again with that spontaneous blaze of anger that surprised him, "are you."

Eve Hamilton's handsome face changed suddenly. She looked, oddly enough to Andrew, both embarrassed and frightened. The next second that look had vanished, and she faced him resolutely.

"I have told you everything—essential."

He looked at her narrowly. "That is something you are hardly competent to judge in a case like this. What is essential or nonessential, I mean. The better plan is to tell me everything, without reserve, and let me separate the wheat from the chaff."

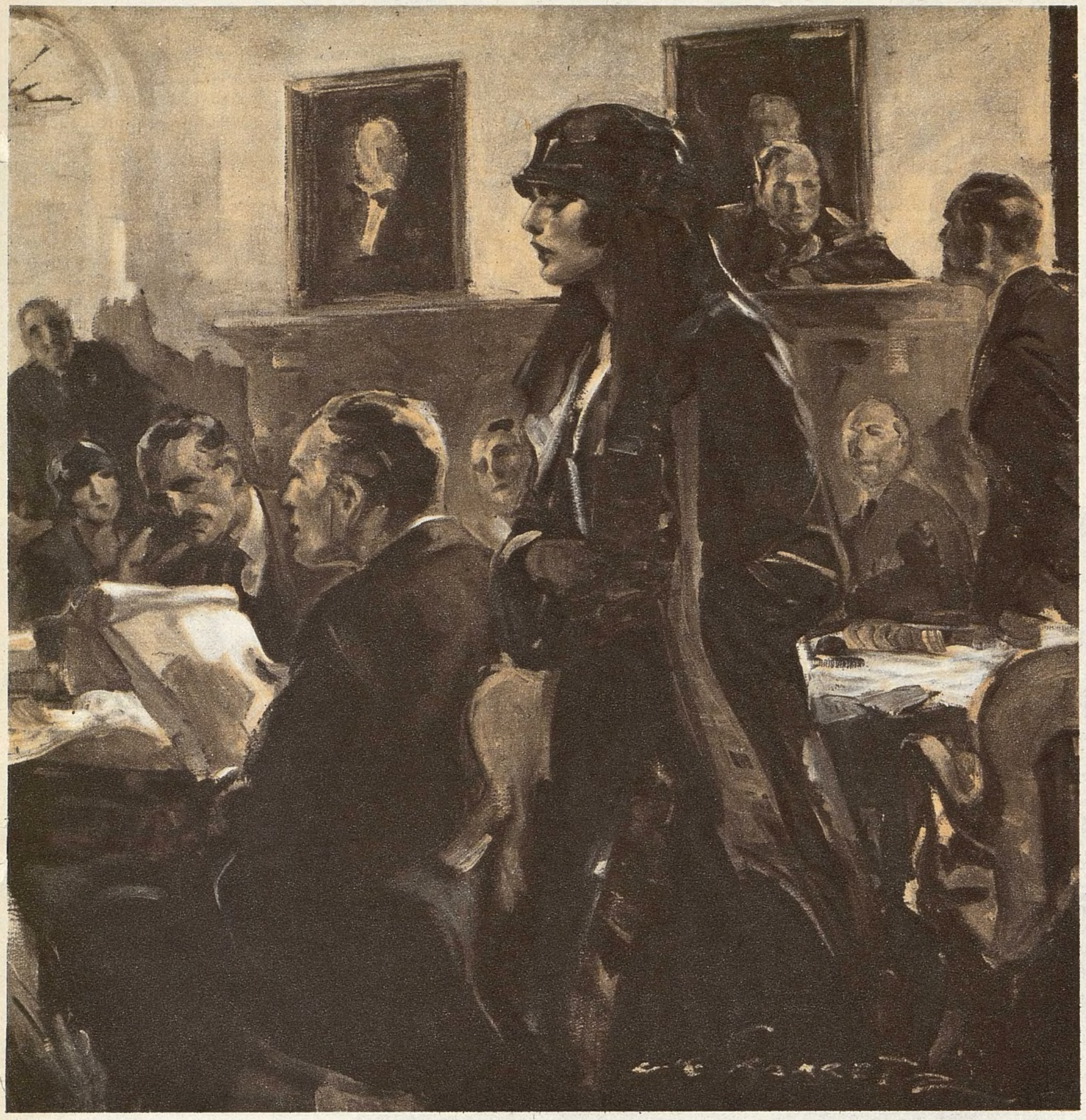
"Tomorrow," Eve promised, her face clouding, "but tonight I have something more vital than that to propose. Wait," she added hastily and eagerly, as Andrew made a gesture which she took to be that of impatience. "I am not the woman who is keeping back the essential truth. I am not the woman of mystery in this case. Can't you see that? No matter what I have or have not told you, I stand here open to investigation. My neighbors have known me ever since I was born, and my father before me. Doubtless they can tell you more than I. But there is a woman in this case who was not known to Willett's Bridge ten months ago. Except that she married Doctor Charlie, what do you, or anyone else for that matter, know about Mrs. Fairlie?"

Andrew Dickerson said nothing. He simply looked at her, his heavy brows drawn slightly together, and waited, with the catlike patience of the clever cross-examiner.

EVE looked at him in despair. All the way to his office she had been buoyed up with the thought of his quick response to the hint she meant to give him, and here he stood glowering at her, and not a word. She must do it all.

"I mean," she said impatiently, "that Mrs. Fairlie came here without any credentials other than her beauty and her marriage certificate."

"And quite enough, too," Andrew Dickerson flung at her, in turn disappointed. He had thought she really had something to give him, and it was simply a feline or feminine blow at her rival. He had thought better of Eve



MISS HAMILTON had looked at Mrs. Fairlie with neither envy nor jealousy, but with a clear, steady flame of hatred.

Hamilton than that. "What more does a woman want than beauty and a husband?"

"Oh, quite enough to satisfy any man," Eve retorted, "but not enough for another woman. It doesn't matter to me whether you are convinced or not, Mr. Dickerson, but I should like at least to call your attention to the fact that I have never been able to take Mrs. Fairlie on faith, or Doctor Charlie's say-so, to be the unsophisticated young girl Charlie thought her when he married.

"I KNEW that she did not fit into any of the usual classifications of society as known to me in Willett's Bridge," she smiled at him, "New York, London, and a few other places. Nor did she conform to the 'poor-but-beautiful-working-girl' category. There was always something 'extra' about Mrs. Fairlie besides her beauty. And I never trusted her."

Andrew Dickerson let his hand fall to the desk, and examined it as though it interested him. "All very interesting as a matter of psychology, but where are your facts?"

Eve looked at him without speaking for a moment. Was it possible that the reports of this man's cleverness had been grossly exaggerated? "This case is psychological," she began.

Andrew Dickerson regarded her gravely. "You would take that view, of course, but you must state the case plainly and broadly before you search for its true psychology. This is a crime of passion."

Involuntarily Eve shivered.

Andrew Dickerson turned on her with a sneer.

"Are you a New Englander that you cannot hear the word? It is all that keeps the case from being sordid. All that makes it interesting and worth while studying. Yet you shiver to hear it named."

"You fall into the common error," Eve flashed back at him indignantly, "that because I am an unmarried woman I haven't known passion, and shrink to hear it named. I gave you credit for better understanding of the world and women than that. I shivered, but not at the word, or the thought. I shivered to think where Gilbert Eliot's passion had landed him, and at the thought that it was not returned."

"How do you know that?" Andrew asked her, controlling with an effort the start that would have betrayed him to her.

"I don't know it," Eve told him, "but I feel and fear it. It is what is called 'woman's intuition,' for which I am sure you have no use."

"On the contrary," Andrew assured her gravely, "it is invaluable. I always go by and with it as far as I can, if I am sure——" he paused.

Eve looked her question.

"If I am sure the woman's honest," he finished brusquely, "and not swayed by prejudice—or vanity."

EVE gave him a clear look. "As to that, you will have to judge. And now to the point. So strongly do I feel the need of more knowledge of Mrs. Fairlie's environment, friends, and character before she came to Willett's Bridge that I wish your sanction of an investigation I intend to start tonight. Wait"—as Andrew started to interrupt. "I may as well warn you that this investigation will be made, whether you approve or not, but I—I should very much like to have you approve of the scheme."

"My dear Miss Hamilton," Andrew said formally, "you do not surely think I have neglected that point. My reports show that the marriage is genuine, and that Mrs. Fairlie was, before her marriage, a Miss Laura Needham, who lived with her mother, a widow. Mrs. Needham kept a small tea shop, which had a little vogue of its own for a time, possibly because of the girl's extraordinary beauty.

"Doctor Fairlie met her there. Since the marriage, Mrs. Needham, who gave up the tea shop, has lived in a small apartment in a good quarter of the city, seeing only a few friends, all staid, respectable people; making occasional trips to the country to visit her aunt, and altogether leading a perfectly respectable, middle-class existence on the allowance given her for that purpose by her daughter's late husband."

Eve looked up at him. She had been listening attentively, and when he finished said, slowly: "It sounds all perfectly straightforward and plain sailing, doesn't it? And yet, I do not feel that it is true, or if it is true, that it is all the truth. So with your permission, or, I am sorry, without it, I mean to ask an old schoolmate of mine, a newspaper woman, Juliet Jackson, to look into that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

aspect of the case. She is, I think, rather well known."

Andrew Dickerson's eyes snapped, and he repeated softly: "Juliet Jackson! Where have I——" He seemed to search through his mind for a moment, and then: "The Female Ferret. Oh, yes. That's Juliet Jackson. Well, there's no doubt that she's a topnotch little person and a wonderful investigator, but, frankly, I don't see any particular way in which——"

But Eve had risen. She glanced at the tiny watch on her wrist. "Then you do not object, for which I am grateful. Juliet is an old friend, and I'm sure she will do more for me than any mere case; but I must get her at once. She is in New Haven just now investigating rum-running for her paper. Mrs. Fairlie once told me she was born in New Haven. I must go now. I have little enough time to reach Juliet."

"NEW HAVEN—*and as fast as the car will go!*"

"It is hardly a thing to telephone or telegraph," he said warningly.

"I know," Eve replied. "I shall do neither."

Again he stopped her. "A letter," he began.

"A letter," Eve echoed scornfully, "when any moment the prosecution may put Laura Fairlie on the stand. No, I—Juliet shall be told personally."

"You are not to leave the county," something prompted Andrew Dickerson to say. "I want you in court tomorrow."

Eve looked at him. "What you don't know won't worry you," she said, smiling. "Suppose you leave the telling of Juliet to me, and—I'll be in court tomorrow."

Andrew Dickerson looked at her suspiciously. "See that you are," he warned her.

"And I may bring you the fruits of my, or rather Juliet's, search, if any?" she asked. "And know that they will receive your immediate attention?"

"Anything The Female Ferret unearths is well worth a man's attention," he told her noncommittally. "I'll put you in your car now, Miss Hamilton, if you please, for I have a long, disheartening night's work before me."

"Disheartening!" Eve echoed and involtarily clutched at his arm, all the gayety that had bloomed in her face at his cautious acceptance of the hoped-for information, fading out. "Do you mean that it seems as bad as that—to *you?*"

"As bad as that," Andrew informed her. "If by that you mean as bad as it can possibly be."

Eve stopped in the open doorway and looked at him penetratingly. "You mean," she asked in a voice so low that it was almost a whisper, "that you are not sure that Gilbert is innocent?"

He looked down at her still face compassionately, and sighed. "You have no right to ask that question, Miss Hamilton. I will answer it by another. Are you quite sure, in your own mind, that Gilbert Eliot is innocent?"

Eve stood as if frozen, her eyes fixed on his; then she gave a long sigh, a gasp. "Everything is against Gilbert—appearances, himself; but I shall go on believing him innocent, no matter how many times he's proven guilty, unless—unless he tells me he is guilty, himself."

"Quite so," said Andrew Dickerson. Then, very quietly, "I am relying on you for all the help I can get in this case, but no more visits to my office, after hours, Miss Hamilton."

"Still afraid of the speech of people?"

"No, of myself. You—disturb me. I want to think of my case—not you."

They went down the steps in silence, and still in silence Andrew Dickerson, with a pleasant nod to the two faithful retainers on the driver's seat, helped Eve into the car, and held out his hand.

"Till tomorrow," he said, with a quick glance of appreciation. She was a wonder to look at, this Eve Hamilton, and the pale moonlight enhanced her charm.

She nodded assent, but as he closed the door and stepped back, she leaned forward and said to Joe, the chauffeur, in a low voice:

"New Haven—and as fast as the car will go!"

Eve Hamilton's dash through the night brings two new figures into this increasingly tense narrative—the sinister shadow of a mysterious Spaniard, and a slip of a girl, known far and wide as a valiant investigator of crime. You'll encounter them next week, as the story continues and the action mounts toward its climax.

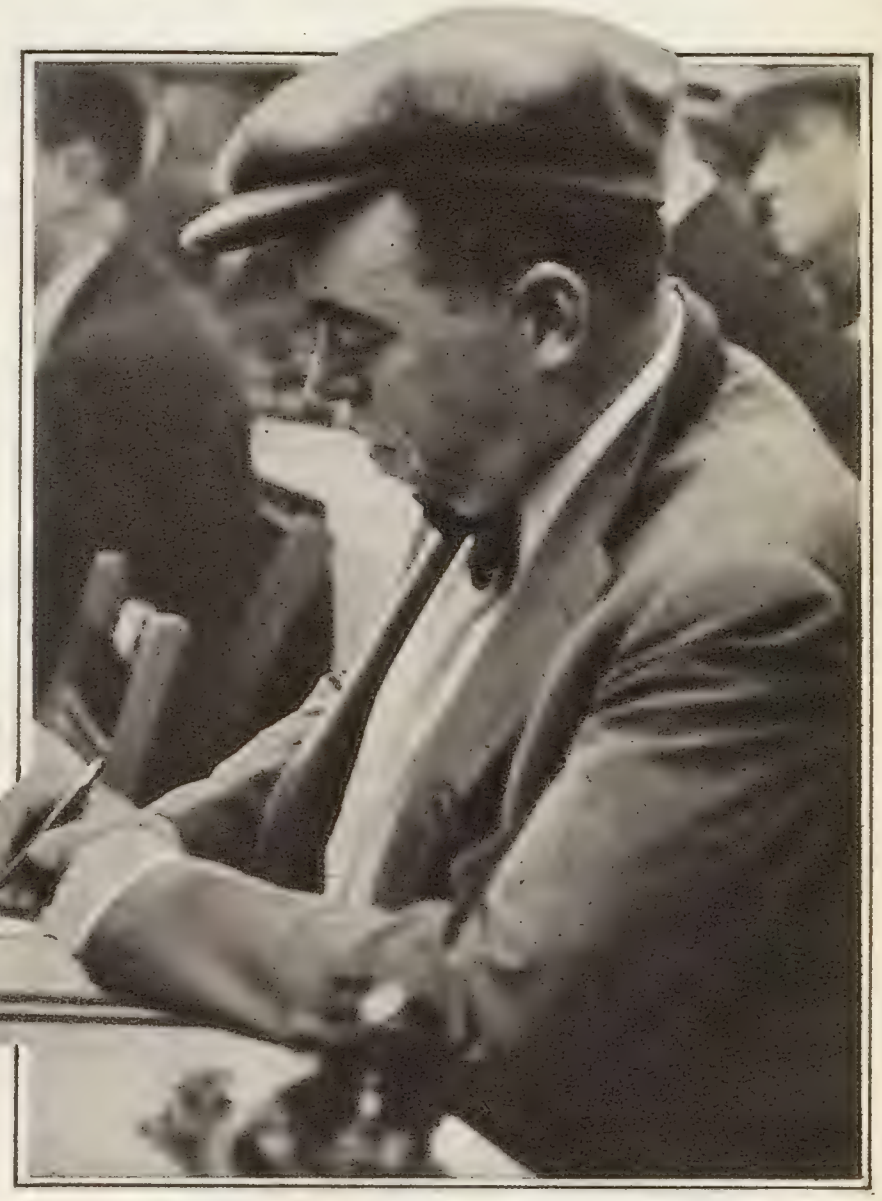
What His Family Thinks of IRVIN S. COBB

Answering the Familiar Question—Is a Humorist Funny Around the House?

An Informal Portrait by His Daughter

Elisabeth Cobb Chapman

Picture by GARRETT PRICE



IRVIN S. COBB © Paul Thompson

doing his stuff in the press stand at a world's series ball game.

ELISABETH COBB CHAPMAN is the daughter of one of America's best known writers and in this article gives an intimate sketch of the famous author, just as he is viewed by his family in his daily walk and conversation.

Mrs. Chapman inherits much of her father's literary ability, as Liberty readers know from several of her efforts, which included a delightfully naive article on the prevalence of slang in flapper circles, called Do You Want to Get by Big? and, more recently, a sprightly romantic story of the stage, called Drama for Lunch.

Mrs. Chapman's article presents a vivid portrayal of her father—a real closeup without glitter or embellishment.

"IT MUST be wonderful to live in the same house with him. Doesn't he just keep you laughing all the time?"

That is the almost invariable question with which strangers open a conversation with members of Irvin Cobb's family. They are prone even to ask *him* if he isn't funny all the time and then wait expectantly for the side-splitting rejoinder.

What is more difficult to explain is that some of his friends are apt to chatter about "that funny man, why, he just gets you *laughing!*" without ever seeming to think of him as possessing any other side. Shopgirls, fellow writers, head waiters, Congressmen, and even his publishers have a firmly implanted conception of him as a man who is not only funny but who is extremely funny all the time. They believe that his family is forced to run from the house every few minutes, holding their sides and seeking quiet to keep from passing away from internal suffocation brought on by immoderate laughing.

If these eager and enthusiastic folk should spend, say, an evening with him just after he had come home from a fishing trip when there had been lots of trip but very few fish; or some nice, rainy day when he is tired of hammering out a story that would not come easily, or, horrid thought, have dinner with him when he has spent the afternoon writing some of those jokes he has been running every night in various newspapers; I say, if these people could have just a few minutes with him on one of these occasions they would understand why his family answer them with a faint, reminiscent, and noncommittal, "Um ha."

A small relation of his once summed up the family attitude in a few well-chosen words. An inquisitive neighbor, a stranger, had asked her if Mr. Cobb "wasn't an awfully funny man. He is such a wonderful humorist." The small relation asked what a humorist was, and on having it explained to her said, gravely, "Oh, *no!* That couldn't be him, 'cause he's not very funny 'round the house."

On the other hand, say the fish had bitten well, or that the story had worked itself out with ease and he was rested and feeling well, then even his family, and families are notoriously critical, will admit that he is funny. Funnier than anybody else in the world, when he wants to be. His written humor can never compare with his wit in a spontaneous mood. It is so quick, so apt, so—well, so darned *funny*.

All his best things have been spontaneous, cropping out in the course of conversation. "You could not tell if she were dressed for an opera or an operation." "No more privacy than a goldfish." "What's the use of a worm turning? He's the same on both sides." "Wars may come and wars may go, but boudoir goes on forever." And the famous one he clapped on me, "For goodness sakes, shut your mouth; you look like a detachable rim."

And the statement that a man born in Boston and graduated from Harvard was like an egg that had been laid twice and both times successfully. These and thousands more have been presented to us before ever they reached print, and from there the vaudeville stage and the joke books and the anthologies of American humor.

He would have made a fine actor if he had not been a writer, and he adores a good story. That is why he is funnier in real life than he is in print. He will put his whole heart into telling a good story. His expression changes, even his features take on a different cast while he is talking, and he can look like a darkey, or a Jew, or a horse-faced Englishman, or a melancholy Swede as quickly as he changes his stories. And he acts them with amazing gusto.

His stories last a long time; they are never dead with the first telling, but are turned and played with until they get longer and longer and funnier and funnier, so that even his family laugh harder the last time than they did the first. And most raconteurs' families wear a strained and wistful air of forced mirth when father begins *that* old story again.

But in spite of this amazing gift, fundamentally he is an intensely serious, even a sad, man. No one could be such a prolific and versatile writer and fail to be. There is too much internal digging, too much inner delving necessary to the job, for him to be anything else. For twenty years and more he has been digging for drama. His work is dreamed over and worked on for months before a word of it is written.

SOMETIMES we think that, were it not for his intense enthusiasm for the out-of-doors and a certain innate boyishness, he would be a very sad man, indeed.

All his life responsibilities have been piled on him. He was the man of the family when he was fourteen; he was the youngest editor of an established newspaper in the country at one time, working night and day, and ever since then there have been years of grueling work, on newspapers, as a magazine writer, as a war correspondent and a lecturer. It is only lately that he has had the time for vacations or the opportunity to play. And there was the war. He went to it as a young man, almost a boy, and he came back old, seared by terrible sights and sounds and memories.

His love of hunting and fishing and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

woods has been his greatest joy, literally a life-saver to a man with few relaxations. Hold out the prospect of some good hunting, and he is wax in your hands.

Once he traveled thousands of miles to shoot bear. Arrived on the scene of action, some heaven-forsaken desert out West, he hunted bear for days. One morning, after he had followed a seemingly hot scent for hours, he and his horse got lost from the other hunters. He could hear the dogs giving tongue a long way off, clear away on another mountain. It was very hot, and they seemed to be hunting bear very successfully without him; so he dismounted, lay down beneath a tree, and went to sleep. He was raised to believe in the efficacy of a nap, and it would take more than a bear to keep him awake on a hot day.

When he awoke he found that the bear had climbed the tree just over his head and was also enjoying a nap. He had treed the bear, which must have been rather like the Leviathan treeing a small tug, for it was really a very little bear. But he shot it and brought it home, and, even though it was a rather insignificant and mangy bear, he accounted it an entirely successful expedition. A hunt's a hunt, isn't it?

They say he is a very good shot, and I have watched him doing surprisingly agile things with a fishing rod and line. That is the most astonishing of his gifts to us who have seen him driven well-nigh to desperation when confronted by the necessity of using a dial telephone, driving a nail, turning on a phonograph, or plying a can opener; though, for fear he should destroy himself, I believe can openers are kept from him.

Without a doubt, and without wishing to boast, we assert that in emergencies like these he is the most helpless grown man in the entire world.

I can remember once that in the throes of closing a country house in the winter, prior to a trip South, he came upon a hatchet. If any responsible person had seen him with it, he would have taken it away from him; but before he was discovered he had climbed out onto the roof of the porch and was attempting to chop the ice out of the gutters. When next seen, some time later, the ice was still intact and undisturbed, but, on the other hand, the tin roof and gutters had been practically demolished.

HIS innate boyishness crops out in a thousand ways. We can see it in his eyes when he is telling a story of which we are not going to approve. Then he looks exactly like a very bad little boy. And he adores to tease and to "dress up," and he has a veritable passion for bright colors. The prospect of a fancy dress ball, far from filling him with the horror of being made ridiculous, thrills him.

I remember once what tremendous excitement there was in getting him ready for a party which he attended garbed as the nineteenth green. He had a long green satin coat, which was the fairway, with collars and cuffs of some fuzzy stuff that stood for the rough; it buttoned with golf balls, and he was crowned with a cap carrying a jaunty little flag, and he was as tickled as a young hen with her first egg. I think that is why it is such a struggle to get him to wear anything but knickerbockers. If permitted, he would blandly wear them to a wedding or the opera. They are nearly as much fun as "dressing up."

The well-dressed woman, to his taste, would wear exclusively gowns of bright red or green, or a combination of red and green, covered with lots of little twinkly buttons. When he threatens us with an annual visit to his tailors the combined family gives him a stern talk on the advisability of dark gray suitings and black overcoats for a stoutish gent, and he steps off and buys a purple suit with a herringbone of a greenish cast and a few pink shirts and some polka-dot socks.

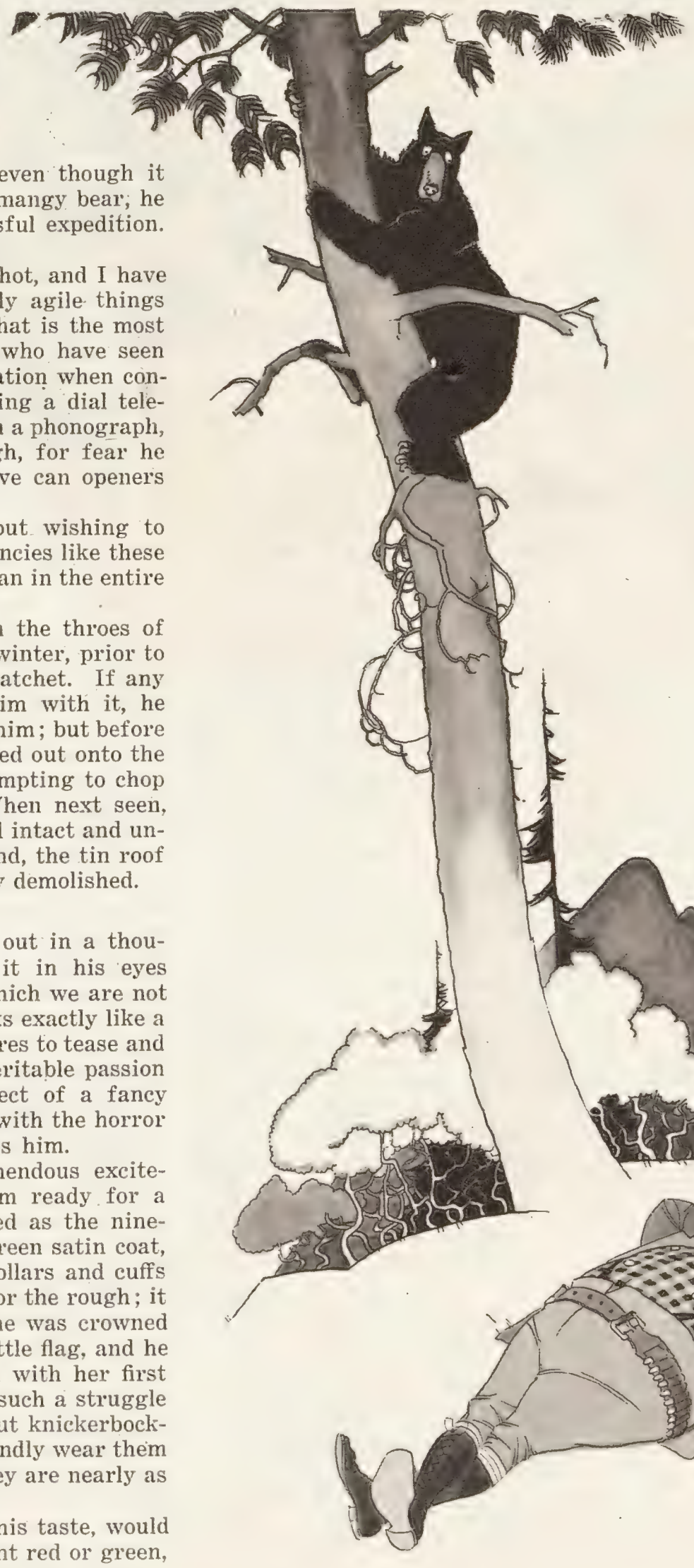
It is a shame that he is not like the old woman who lived in the shoe. You remember, she had so many children she didn't know what to do. For all children adore him.

There never was a baby who didn't laugh with delight at the sight of him. He makes terrible faces at them that you might think would send them screaming with terror to their nurses, but the babies adore him and usually scream with rage when they are taken away. They understand him and he understands them, and they become, immediately, very good friends. He used to spend hours making up the most disreputable nursery rhymes for one small maiden of his acquaintance. She called him Ivy and would nearly burst with glee at the sight of him.

Old Mrs. Katzenjammer
Hit her head with a hammer,
Godammer! Godammer! Godammer!

was his masterpiece, and shocked nurses and grandmothers tried in vain to keep her from crying it with full lung power and tremendous enthusiasm.

The happiest memories of my own childhood are those of being beside him on long summer afternoons or winter evenings while he told me stories or read from the Jungle Book or Treasure Island. When he read them they were a thousand times more exciting and it was even better when he told me his own stories, stories about Indians and Indian fighters and Civil War heroes and explorers and old-time navigators, or how the stars were made or why the earth went round; good solid stories with meat on their bones concerning things all children are curious about.



IT would take more than a bear to keep him awake on a hot day.

HE has, probably, more sentiment to the square inch than any grown man in the entire world. Things that were sacred to him in his boyhood have not withered into regretful, amused memories, but have stayed invariably sacred. The old South, the Democratic party, Confederate veterans. He will die believing in them just as strongly as he did when he was nineteen.

He believes firmly that all women are ministering angels of light, with the exception of a few unfortunates, who are really not women so much as "Awful Warnings." And he knows that all girls are innocent, happy, and sweet. That was inculcated into him as a boy.

That is why he cordially dislikes most of the books by the young moderns. They walk in with heavy feet and trample on the things and the ideas that are living sentiment to him. Today's fashion of calling a spade a bloody shovel he thinks neither good art nor good taste.

"These things may be true," he says, "but they are not all the truth." So he won't read them at all.

Plain food, plain things, plain people—that is what he likes. He can wax amazingly eloquent on the joys of a log cabin in the woods, cooking over an open fire and sleeping on a bough bed.

So when strangers ask me if he just doesn't keep us laughing all the time I think of those times long ago and of all our long, quiet talks and walks through the woods, and of the day in 1917 when we saw him sail for France, and of his kindly, broad philosophy, and of his fits of depression and fatigue, and of the lines hard work has engraved on his face, and of evenings when you are lucky if you get one long and cross growl from him, when, if you are wise, you will depart and leave him to a book—I think of all this and resent that question. For he is so much more than just funny.

THE END

Penance

DAY after day, hour after hour, Maylee stood heroically in the front space of the bank, smiling brave welcome to each depositor.

A Short Story of Efficiency in Love

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Pictures by GEORGE W. GAGE

I.

THE NEW building of the First (and only) National Bank was the supreme pride of Paignton. It was of bright pink marble. Architecturally it combined all the most pleasing features of a mortuary chapel and a soda fountain.

As a town Paignton did not amount to much. It was an oversized village. But as the center of a huge farming and lumber radius it took on the stark importance of a carburetor or a gastric system.

In the old quarters of the bank it did not matter whether you came to cash a check or to deposit it. You could go to either of the grilled windows that happened to be vacant. The signs over these windows read "Paying" and "Receiving." But the employee behind either one of them was willing to act either as paying or receiving teller. This was handy when depositors were in a hurry.

Even when the death of Hiram Swezy and the settling of his estate entailed a new president and a shakeup of directors, things went on as before. At least, they went on, outwardly, as they had done. But Roper, the new president, was a modernist. So were his three new directors. Beneath the surface fermentation began.

A new cashier took control—the new cashier agreed on by Roper and the rest a full two months earlier. He was Guy Maylee. He hailed from New York. There he had been second paying teller in the Aaron Burr National Bank.

Maylee was only twenty-eight. He was President Roper's first cousin. Incidentally, he was Young Blood and Present-Day Methods.

Also he had original ideas. He had spent hours in retailing these to the admiring directors of the Paignton First National. To the directors' rustic souls he was as worthy their bank's growing greatness as was the just completed new bank building.

This building was the joy of Paignton's collective heart. Two Paigntonese alone failed to add their voices to the acclamation chorus. One was poor old Pop Burford, former cashier, now in Arizona for his health. That was only to be expected. He was a shell-backed fossil at best. The other was Titus Gregg, the bank's chief depositor.

Gregg was a farmer. He was a lumberman. He was a realtor. He was a holder of many mortgages. He was silent partner in six flourishing local businesses. He had the uncanny gift of making two successes grow where one failure had been expiring.

Gregg was sixty, and he was six feet tall, and he was shaped like a rough-hewn fence rail. He dressed as he chose to dress, which was as no poorer man would have dared to dress. He had two weaknesses. One was his friendship for his lifelong crony, Pop Burford. The other was his slavish affection for his sole living relative—his niece, Claire Braeme, supervisor of music at the Paignton High School.

Titus did not like the idea of the new bank building. He did not see the newly opened structure on the day of the public reception and inspection, for he had gone to Arizona to get Burford settled.

Guy Maylee was short and very dark and gracefully slender. He was undeniably handsome. He had a genius for dress.

Maylee's morning coat was the first of its sort seen by Paignton since the mayor's daughter had married a New Yorker and the six

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I breezed in here to deposit a few checks. A matter of sixty-odd thousand dollars. And that's the way your bandbox ladyfinger cashier hailed me."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

ushers had come out to the wedding thus arrayed.

"There is a psychological effect about neatness and correct dressing," Maylee had informed the directors, a month before, "that is too often overlooked. Neatness and correct grooming! Those mean more than you can realize. Subconsciously they inspire respect and confidence. With your consent, gentlemen, those are the prime principles I shall instill into the force. No more last year's shiny, ready-made clothes. No more sleazy alpaca coats and arm protectors and celluloid collars. No more unshaven chins."

The cashier was not loved. But he was obeyed. For he had the board behind him, and these were tight times when fairly good jobs were few and far to seek. The staff conformed, though with piteous sighs at memory of the dear old easy-going days.

II.

MAYLEE came out of his tasteful sanctum in the bank one morning during leisure. He stood at its door, scrutinizing the big marble-floored space before him. His look was more approving than critical. Behind the grills the tellers and the assistant cashier were busy. Their hair was immaculately smooth. Their clothes and linen were irreproachable.

Then his brow clouded. In through the bronze-linteled doorway slouched a truly lamentable figure.

He was dressed in a soiled gray flannel shirt, collarless and virgin of tie, its top button unfastened. Over this was an unbuttoned vest embossed with varyingly antique gastronomic samples. His trousers were of uniformly grimed khaki. On his huge boots loam had long since superimposed a suede effect above the original blacking. The lean jaws were champing rhythmically upon a chunk of plug tobacco.

"I want to see the cashier," Guy heard him say, after a question he did not catch. "He isn't in his cubbyhole. Where'll I find him?"

The clerk indicated Guy with a reverential nod.

"That is Mr. Maylee," said he. "But I'm afraid he can't see you unless you have an appointment. He is very busy. Shall I have your card sent to——?"

The suavely aloof query was in the best style inculcated by Maylee. But it did not reach its end. A nasal snort broke in on it.

"Thanks, youngster," grunted the visitor, "but I guess I can speak to him without calling a directors' meeting or issuing new stock."

The man strode from the window and up to Guy, who was about to return in pained displeasure to his desk.

"You're Maylee, aren't you?" genially inquired the ruffian before Guy could reach sanctuary. "Glad to meet you. I been away. Just got back last night. All this is new to me. Come on into your coop. I want to talk with you about——"

He gulped, and then glared around him in growing discomfort.

"Say!" he mouthed, with difficulty. "Where's the cuspidors all went to? I don't see a one."

"Cuspidors have no place in a modern institution like this," rebuked Guy, in open disgust. "Our patrons are not expected to smoke in here. Certainly not to chew tobacco."

"Come on in," said the stranger, pushing comfortably past the astounded Guy, and walking into the sacred office. "I want a talk with you. Now, then," he proceeded, slumping luxuriously into Guy's swivel chair, and pointing a gnarled finger toward a lesser seat close by, "let's get down to business."

From a vest pocket he pried forth several rumpled checks.

"I think," interposed Guy, icily, "I think you are looking for the Savings Department, aren't you? Have you an account here, or are you planning to start one?"

"Yes, young man," he drawled, "I have an account here. Had one for quite a spell. Maybe I'm due to have one for a spell longer. Then, again, maybe I'm not. I like to see that my

money's where it's safe. Not where a lot of highfalutin' ways and a passel of Willie-boys are li'ble to endanger it. Nothing pers'nal, of course."

"Your money is quite safe with us, my man," Guy assured him, with perfect suave dignity, and even erring a trifle on the side of urbanity at sight of this old mountaineer's foolish concern about such few hard-scraped dollars as he was likely to have on deposit. "This is one of the strongest banks in the State. Now, you'll find the 'Savings' window directly opposite."

He waved a supremely groomed hand toward the door. The countryman arose, opening his doubled bulk like some attenuated jack-knife. But he did not take the hint and depart. Instead, he stood looking inscrutably down on his unwilling host.

THE look and the intruder's slowness to grasp the situation began to fray Maylee's taut nerves. This uncouth figure was a blot on the perfect taste of his office, a smear on the bright neatness of the bank. He spoke impulsively.

"By the way, my good fellow," said he, striving to make his tone and his words as urbane as might be in the circumstances, "you'll have noticed a great change for the better throughout this bank. In the appearance of our new home and in the personnel itself. You can't have helped admire it. Now, why not do your own bit toward it, and thus toward the credit of the town it stands for? Why——?"

"Huh?" queried the other, in evident perplexity.

"It is our purpose," purred on Guy, warming to his theme, "it is our purpose here to treat the poorest and least important depositor as courteously as we treat the most influential man in Paignton. As considerately as we treat Titus Gregg himself or any of the other millionaires of this region. That is our hard-and-fast policy. You need not fear to come here at all times and to make use of our services in any legitimate way. Please understand that."

"Thanks," mumbled the countryman, hazily.

"But," continued Guy, more incisively, "why not do your own part toward reciprocating this interest we take in you? Let me put it as delicately as I can. I realize you are a poor man and that you work hard. But you would not go to church or to a Grange meeting or to a—a strawberry festival—in such disreputable clothes and with that dirty bristle on your chin. Why should you come in here, then, looking like an unwashed tramp, when you see for yourself how hard we are all trying to make the bank neat and attractive for our patrons? Think it over," he finished, with an encouraging smile.

"You damn shrimp!"

Then the rustic stalked out, banging the door behind him.

Maylee saw Roper, the president, stop abruptly on his way across the floor and hurry up to the lanky desecrator of neatness, greeting him with respectful effusion. So far from being impressed by such condescension, the rustic stopped in his retreat to the front door barely long enough to say "Howdy" and to touch in sketchy fashion the plump white hand held forth so lovingly toward him.

Roper stared after the surly old codger, then continued his journey to the cashier's office.

"Well," he accosted the dumfounded Maylee, "I see Titus Gregg is back. Back in a thundering bad temper over something, too. He hardly spoke to me. By the way, I came in to——"

"Was that Titus Gregg?" bleated Maylee. "I mean that backwoodsman you were speaking to? The one with the scarecrow clothes?"

"Yes," answered Roper, "that's the man. I forgot you hadn't seen him. It must have been a week or so before you came permanently to Paignton that he went West. I hope you'll do everything you can to make Gregg welcome whenever he comes in here."

"That—that down-at-the-heel scarecrow!" babbled Guy foolishly. "That's the great Titus Gregg!"

Into the horror of Maylee's thoughts wafted the memory that this man he had offended was the uncle of Claire Braeme. He was aware of a ghastly sinking sensation in his stomach.

III.

FIVE days after Maylee's conversation with Titus Gregg a special evening meeting of the board was called in the brand new directors' room. Things were happening. No fewer than eleven solid farmers and business men had withdrawn their accounts during these five days.

"I counted on Gregg to help us," Roper was saying, as he concluded his calamity speech to the directors at the opening of the meeting. "I hear he cleared up something above sixty thousand dollars on that Arizona deal of his. I expected him to make a large deposit with us as soon as he came home. He always does that when he has cashed in on a deal. He came in here the very first day. I saw him. But he made no deposits. I have taken the liberty, gentlemen, on my own responsibility, to write to him, asking him as a personal favor to be with us this evening."

He smiled hopefully around the table. His gaze rested at last on Guy Maylee, who had been summoned to attend the conference. Guy's dark face was sallow and drawn.

The president sat down. A director arose to speak. Before he could frame the first well turned sentence the sacred door of the directors' room opened and Titus Gregg was ushered in with much formality by a member who had been waiting on the curb for him.

Gregg slouched carelessly into the holy of holies with no visible sign of reverence. He was clad as when Guy Maylee had admonished him, except that the vest was a little more extra illustrated and was partly masked by a frayed canvas shooting coat.

He nodded unconcernedly to the board as it got to its feet to do him honor. Then he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

slumped into the nearest and biggest vacant chair and drew forth part of a shiny black plug of tobacco. This morsel he raised toward his mouth. Checking the gesture half way, he glanced about the floor and under the table. Failing to find what he sought, he frowned and stuck the plug back into his pocket.

"Well, gentlemen?" he broke in, snappishly, on the loose chorus of salutation, "shall we come down to brass tacks? My time's limited. So is yours. It ought to be if it isn't."

"By all means, Mr. Gregg," assented Roper, smiling conciliatingly. "Quite right. Thank you for reminding us. The facts of the case are—as I intimated in my letter——"

"THE facts of the case are," interrupted Gregg, "you folks are in a hole. It's a deep hole. It's due to be deeper. There's a run been started on the bank and——"

"Oh, Mr. Gregg!" exclaimed Roper, in deprecatory horror. "Not a run! Of course, one or two small depositors——"

"I said a *run*," surlily insisted Gregg. "I know how these things grow. There's a run on your bank. I ought to know. You see," he finished, with an air of modest pride, "I started it."

"Mr. Gregg!" stammered the unbelieving Roper.

"That's what," cheerily declared Gregg. "And I didn't do it by any way that could get me in trouble, either. All I did was to say to just a few fellers that I didn't consider the Paignton First National, under its present man'gement, was the sort of institootion I cared to trust my funds to. There's nothing actionable in what I said. It was the truth. What next?"

Apparently there was nothing next. Or there was too much for instant utterance. A dumbness, more raucous than a screech, shut down upon the long table. Every man there knew the black significance of Gregg's carelessly drawled admission. Bar a miracle, the bank was headed on for something dangerously akin to wreck.

Titus spoke again; this time with a thread of dominance in his husky old voice.

"You've sent for me to see if I wouldn't bolster things up with a thumping big deposit. Likewise, I gather that it'd make a mighty hit with you if I'd go around and unsay the things I've been saying about your bank. You'd like me to tell folks I consider it's a rock solid institootion. Well, why should I? People hereabouts has got in the way of follering my tips. Why should I give them a wrong steer and spoil their trust in me? Why should I? Hey?"

"Mr. Gregg!" exclaimed Roper. "In spite of my respect for you I cannot permit you to speak this way of our bank. It is wholly solvent and in a flourishing condition. It——"

"Good!" said Gregg, genially, as he got to his feet. "I'm glad to hear it. That let's me out. If the bank is all you say it is, it sure don't need help. I've had my trip to town for nothing. I'll be on my way."

Titus headed for the door. Roper and two others all but flung themselves on him as he made to depart. Followed another discordant chorus of useless language. At its end Gregg shrugged his shoulders and reseated himself, while Roper mopped a brow that trickled like a weary Marathon runner. Once more Titus began to speak.

"Friends and others," said he in mild reproof, his straying glance touching Maylee, "up to this year, when a depositor came into the First National he was made to feel like he was going into a friend's house. There was chairs to sit on and cuspidors and ash trays handy, and neighbors to chin with, if the grills was both busy. If a feller wanted to do business with the cashier, he'd holler through the grill, 'Hey, Pop, can I come in?' Or if Pop was busy, a clerk'd call 'Bill Blank wants to see you when you're through, Pop.' That sort of thing."

"But," interposed Roper, "we feel a bank of this importance has outgrown——"

"Outgrown its depositors?" hazarded Gregg. "It has. It's outgrowing more and more of them every day.

"Here's what happened last week to one of this very bank's oldest depositors: He came in here and asked for Mr. Roper, the president. A new cuss at a grill told him he couldn't see Mr. Roper because Mr. Roper was 'in conference,' and that Mr. Roper couldn't be seen, anyhow, without an appointment.

"Then this depositor asked for the cashier. He was told he couldn't talk to him, either, without an appointment. But he did. Caught him unawares. He didn't have much to discuss with the cashier. Only wanted to shake hands and see how everything was getting on, and to deposit a few checks and tell him about taking up another feller's note.

"Well, he didn't get a chance to do any of those things. The cashier steered him to the Savings window, and before he could have got there, if he'd wanted to, this same cashier took time to call him 'me man' and 'me good fellow,' and to tell him he looked like 'an unwashed tramp.'"

"But, Mr. Gregg," expostulated Roper, "I am quite sure you have been misinformed. Mr. Maylee would never forget himself so far as to call anyone an 'unwashed tramp.' Especially not a depositor! Your informant was mistaken or else you misunderstood him. We——"

"My informant was an 'unwashed tramp' named Titus Q. Gregg," countered the old man. "I was the depositor I'm telling you about. I breezed in here to deposit a few checks. Nothing so terrible big, in the aggregate. Only a matter of sixty-odd thousand dollars, just then, but with more to foller. And that's the way your bandbox ladyfinger cashier hailed me."

EVERY eye was on Guy Maylee. Deep purple and with bulging eyes, Guy stumbled to his feet.

"If the most contrite apologies for my error will serve to atone for it, Mr. Gregg——" he stammered, "I——"

"They won't!" snapped Titus. "So save your breath. If you've got any apologizing to do, apologize to the bank. You and your smart innovations have turned it from one of the best paying propositions in the State into a failure."

Turning from the apoplectic cashier to the directors, he went on:

"A suggestion has been made to me, and I'm considering it favorably. That is, to rent the old quarters of this bank that's still vacant and start the 'Farmers' and Lumbermen's Trust Company.' I've been assured of enough business to make it worth while thinking over."

The directors sat shuddering and with mouths ajar.

"There can be no doubt of your ability to make a success of it, Mr. Gregg," said Roper, humbly. "But if that had been your purpose—if you had decided definitely not to help us—I don't think you would have come here this evening."

Titus smiled approval. He nodded genially at the president.

"There's sense in that!" he said. "I didn't give you credit for it. I came here to make terms, if you men were ready to take terms. Are you?"

A multiple chorus in hysterical unison of assent. Guy Maylee jumped up.

"Before you begin, Mr. Gregg," he said chokingly, "I wish to tender the first thing you're going to demand. I offer my resignation as——"

"No, you don't, either!" Titus caught him up. "You've started all this mess; and now you want to get out without paying your bill."

"I AM ready to pay my bill, as you call it," answered Guy, steadying his voice by much effort. "That is why I resigned. If you want me to stay on, I——"

"I want you to stay on," Titus assured him. "And on *my* terms. Are you man enough to promise to do that?"

"I'll do whatever——"

"I'll hold you to that. I'm told by—by someone who claims to know you—that there's a real man under your slick grooming and under your fool notions.

"Now, then, gentlemen," pursued Gregg, "here is my proposition: I will make deposits in this bank tomorrow morning to tide you over. I'll say the right words to the right folks to stop this run before it gets to be a run. I'll give up, for the time, anyhow, the plan of starting the other bank. I think I can guarantee to put you back where you were. So much for *my* part of the bargain," he finished, amid a sweet chorus of adoration.

"Now for you people's part in it," he resumed. "In the first place, you'll take the doors off those 'Conference' and 'Cashier' rooms first thing in the morning. You'll turn the 'Conference' room into a place for folks to read their mail and visit and rest.

"Next you'll buy some nice brass cuspidors and you'll sell those Arabian Nights rugs; and you'll put some solid wooden chairs just inside the front windows. You'll let all your help dress cool in this hot weather; and they aren't to be shot at sunrise for wearing shirt sleeves in the hottest part of the day. You'll chuck that pink flower and the vase off of Mr. Maylee's desk into the street.

"You'll put back the old cork bulletin board where local notices and 'Lost and Found' used to be pinned. You'll instruct your new clerks to say, 'Hello, Bill! How's the boy?' instead of 'What do you wish, sir?' Get the idea?"

Meekly it was agreed to. Then, with the air of one who turns from business to ardent pleasure, Titus Gregg spoke to Maylee.

"For the next two weeks, beginning tomorrow," said he, "your assistant will hold down your job during the hours the bank is open. You'll be on the job, too. But during those hours you're going to be a reception committee. Understand? No, you do not. But you will.

"You'll be up to my house at seven tomorrow morning. You won't shave or you won't manhandle your fingernails or slick your hair beforehand, either. When you get there I'm going to give you a suit of clothes—a whole outfit—that Burford's kid nephew keeps there, for the times he spends out at the farm, fishing and the like. It's a yeller flannel shirt and a pair of yeller khaki pants and a pair of yeller hiking boots.

"You'll put on that suit. You'll wear it every day and all day for the next two weeks. In that time you won't shave. You'll wash and you'll brush your hair—brush it dry—when you get up in the morning. You'll clean your nails. Not cut or manicure them. That'll be all the currying you give yourself for the day.

You'll stand inside the front doorway at the bank, all the while it's open, and you'll say 'Good morning' or 'Hello' to everyone who comes in. You'll say it real heartfelt and you'll give a nice, friendly smile along with it. Yes or no?"

"Really, Mr. Gregg!" intervened Roper, "this is——"

"Really, Mr. Roper," mimicked Gregg, "this is the only terms I'll help the bank on. You're at lib'ty to refuse. So is Mr. Maylee, if he has a mind to break his word. You can all keep right on as you're going. So will I."

GUY put on the wonted cordial smile and turned to say good morning. The man was Titus Gregg.

"I'm not breaking my word, sir," said Maylee, his face having gone from yellow to green, but his upper lip very stiff and his eye steady. "I still believe my methods were good. But the bank is in difficulties. Unconsciously I helped get them into those difficulties. If the only way I can retrieve that is by looking like—like——"

"'An unwashed tramp,'" supplied Titus. "It is. Something tells me that before the two weeks are up you'll maybe have revised your list of the world's great men and give yourself a little lower place in it. If you do you'll be deserving a higher place in it. But it's a sure bet you won't last it out. So that's settled. Now, gentlemen, shall we get down to details?"

IV.

FOR three days life was a nightmare to Maylee. Then steadily it waxed worse. His face felt uncomfortable and itchy with its fast growing bristle. His monster boots were as awkward on his slim feet as a diver's leaden shoes. The loose hanging khaki suit was a greasy abomination. It smelt of fish scales and rank tobacco. But all this was as nothing to the flannel shirt. The shirt was two sizes too big in the neck.

Day after day, hour after hour, Maylee stood heroically in the front space of the bank, smiling brave welcome to each entering depositor and hailing each in professionally fervid good fellowship. Day after day, hour after hour, his heart was dead within him for sheer shame. Salt and ashes and bitter aloes were on his tongue.

There was only one drop of gratitude in the man's rank cup of fate. Claire Braeme had not been to the bank. Nor had the newly unkempt Maylee been near her in his free hours.

For the first time he knew all she meant to him, and how bitterly empty his life was without sight or sound of her. She did not see him as now he was. That was a consolation to be cuddled to his lacerated soul.

He had scope for other thoughts, too—many of them—as he studied the country folk coming in and going out and as he noted the gradual abatement of their hostile shyness.

It was in the late morning of the fourteenth day—a Saturday. In another half hour the bank would close. In another half hour, with luck, he could sneak to his hotel by back ways and shave and don decent raiment. His period of torture was ending.

Then, as the Saturday morning rush ebbed, Claire came in. For a moment she stood, expectant, just within the bronze doorway, wondrous sweet and fresh looking in her white dress and big hat.

Instinctively, Guy shrank behind the nearest pillar. Then he straightened and marched up to her.

"Good morning!" he said, with professional heartiness, smiling in a way that set all his shoebrush of black chin bristles to standing out, porcupinelike, and his unfortunate Adam's apple to bobbing convulsively.

AS Claire stretched forth her hand in greeting there was no faintest sign on her face that he was other than the dapper youth of earlier days. In her clear voice, too, there was neither ridicule nor contempt.

"I haven't seen you for ever and ever so long," she said. "Did you get tired coming to call on me so often, or did I do something to offend you?"

"Not either one," he made gruffly eager dissent. "And you know it. As for not coming to see you—just look at me! Your uncle must have told you——"

"Yes," she said, unruffled. "He told me."

"And yet you wonder why I haven't been to call!" he exclaimed. "Probably after the fool I've made of myself you'll never want to see me again."

"You say you've made a fool of yourself?" she said, demurely. "When? During the last fortnight?"

"No. Before then. I didn't have to make a fool of myself these two weeks. Your uncle saved me the trouble by making one of me."

"I'm so sorry!" she murmured.

"Oh, it was my own fault! I see that now."

"I don't mean I'm sorry about that," she explained. "I'm only sorry you think he made a fool of you. He didn't mean to. He told me himself he wanted to make a *man* of you. I think he succeeded, though he didn't think he would."

"I used to look like a gentleman——"

"Isn't it almost as worth while to look like a *man?*" she asked, softly. "Because you do, you know. I'm not speaking of the beard or of those horrid clothes. I'm speaking of your eyes and your mouth. Mostly your eyes. You have changed, Guy."

She looked up, her eyes meeting his. The man drew his breath, sharply.

"I used to lie awake, last week," he said, dazedly, "wondering how Titus Gregg would look with his throat cut. Now I——"

"It wasn't Uncle Titus you ought to have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Habit, old man, kept me from a *real* shave"

THAT'S what many men confess, once they've learned the advantages of the stropping feature of the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

"I formerly used an ordinary safety razor," many say. "Only the first shave with a new blade was good. After that it was a choice between a poor shave or a new blade.

"Now I give my Valet AutoStrop Razor blade a few strokes on the strop without removing it from the holder, and thus enjoy many perfect shaves until I finally discard it for a new blade."

Changing Habits

Thousands, yes millions of men are changing forward from cumbersome old shaving habits to modern and efficient new ways.

A super-keen blade is needed for *every* shave. That's why the best barbers give their razors a few strokes before every shave.

To use a blade without stropping, means each shave is harder, because the blade loses its keenness.

Utterly needless—not to have an easy, perfect shave every time.

The Final Type

There is only *one* razor that automatically sharpens its own blades without removing them—the patented Valet AutoStrop Razor. Blades are cleaned, too, without removing them.

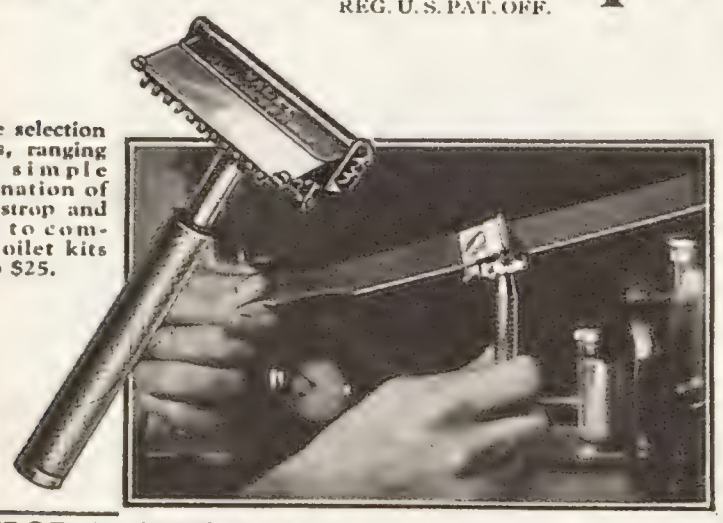
A speedy, perfect shave every time, uniformly perfect.

If you're in a habit rut, why not break loose and find out how superior shaving is so easily attainable? If you'll just switch to a Valet AutoStrop Razor you'll never return to crude ways.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A wide selection of sets, ranging from simple combination of razor, strop and blade to complete toilet kits—$1 to $25.



The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 First Avenue, New York City

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

thought that about," she corrected him. "It was I. Because, you see, it was my idea."

"What?"

"Honestly, it was, Guy. Do you hate me? I—oh, you needed it so terribly badly! And it has done everything I prayed it would do. And ever so much more. I'm glad Uncle Titus did as I told him to. I'm glad, even if you do hate me. I——"

He stepped forward clumpingly in his giant boots and caught her hands in his, the Adam's apple wiggling like a drunken semaphore.

A MAN came into the bank, just behind Claire. Remembering, and loathing, his promise, Guy put on the wonted cordial smile and turned to say good morning.

The man was Titus Gregg. Ignoring Guy's perfunctorily genial salutation, he accosted Claire.

"How long were you figgering on keeping me waiting out there in the car?" he demanded. "You told me you wouldn't be but a minute. I'm——"

"Mr. Maylee is saying good morning to you," prompted Claire. "Aren't you going to be civil enough to answer him?"

"Sure," assented Titus, adding loftily: "Good morning, me man or me good feller, as the case may be."

This time Guy's grin was not perfunctory. Gregg read its genuine amusement, and he scowled.

"You win," Gregg grumbled, turning to Claire.

"Of course I win," she assured him, pleasantly. "I told you that two weeks ago, when we made the bet. You see, Guy, Uncle Titus offered to bet me 'anything I liked' that you wouldn't stick out the whole awful fortnight. You heard him admit that I win."

"Don't rub it in!" grunted Titus, sourly. "I lose. He's done it. You were right. The way he looks now he's a disgrace to the Unwashed Tramps' Union. But he's a he-manlier-looking disgrace than ever I thought he'd be. It's done things to him. I was a fool to make a blind bet. 'Anything you liked!' If I hadn't been plumb sure of winning and if I had been betting with anyone but you I'd never have made it. Now I s'pose you're going to soak me for a five-hundred-dollar outfit or——"

"I am," she assented.

"Well, let's have the bad news all in a lump," demanded Titus. "What do——?"

"I want a five-hundred-dollar outfit," she repeated, "just as you said. That's part of what I want."

"*Part?* Suff'ring Saint Thomas! If——"

"You promised," she reminded him. "And you bet Guy wouldn't keep *his* promise. Are you going back on it?"

"They've called me a passel of names in my time," said Gregg, "but 'welsher' hasn't ever been one of them. Go ahead with your Shylocking. What's the full penalty?"

"You will buy a five-hundred-dollar outfit of clothes," she decreed. "Not for me, but for yourself. You will go to the city and put yourself into the hands of the best tailors and haberdashers and hat and boot people there are. You will get as nearly as possible the same sort of costume that Guy used to wear—high collar, and morning coat, and patent leathers, and all. You'll——"

"Merciful Mehitabel!"

"You will bring them home," went on the relentless Claire, "and you will wear them, every day and all day, for two entire weeks. You'll shave every day of that time, and you'll patronize the Phœnix House manicure. That's all. That's 'anything I like.' You'll go to the city tomorrow for them and——"

"If you ever get a dollar of my estate," snarled the livid Gregg, "it'll be because someone has learned the trick of unburning a burned will! What's more, I'll——"

"Good!" exulted Claire. "Guy, that means he's going to pay his bet. I'm so glad! Every time he tells me about burning his will, it means he surrenders. It's just his gracious way of submitting. And, Uncle Titus, you'll look splendid in real clothes. Honestly, you will. I've always wanted to see you in them. Thank you, ever and ever so much. You're a darling old dove to be so nice about paying."

THE "darling old dove" stumped away, cooing lurid blasphemies. Claire smiled in motherly tenderness at his retreating back.

"I can get off, in half an hour," spoke up Guy, emerging from his daze of glorified unbelief. "If you can wait till then——"

"I'd love to," said Claire. "But won't it take you another half hour or so to shave and dress and——?"

"That would be such a waste of heavenly time," he urged, in babbling ecstasy. "Can't I go, just as I am?"

"No!" she rebuked. "You can't. I'll wait till you're less like a comedy hobo. I'm afraid you don't think enough about your personal appearance, Guy. I've been noticing it, lately—through the bank windows. I must help you correct it."

"It may take a lifetime," he reminded her, eagerly, "for you to do all the correcting I need. Will—will you spend that much time on such a thankless job, sweetheart? Will you?"

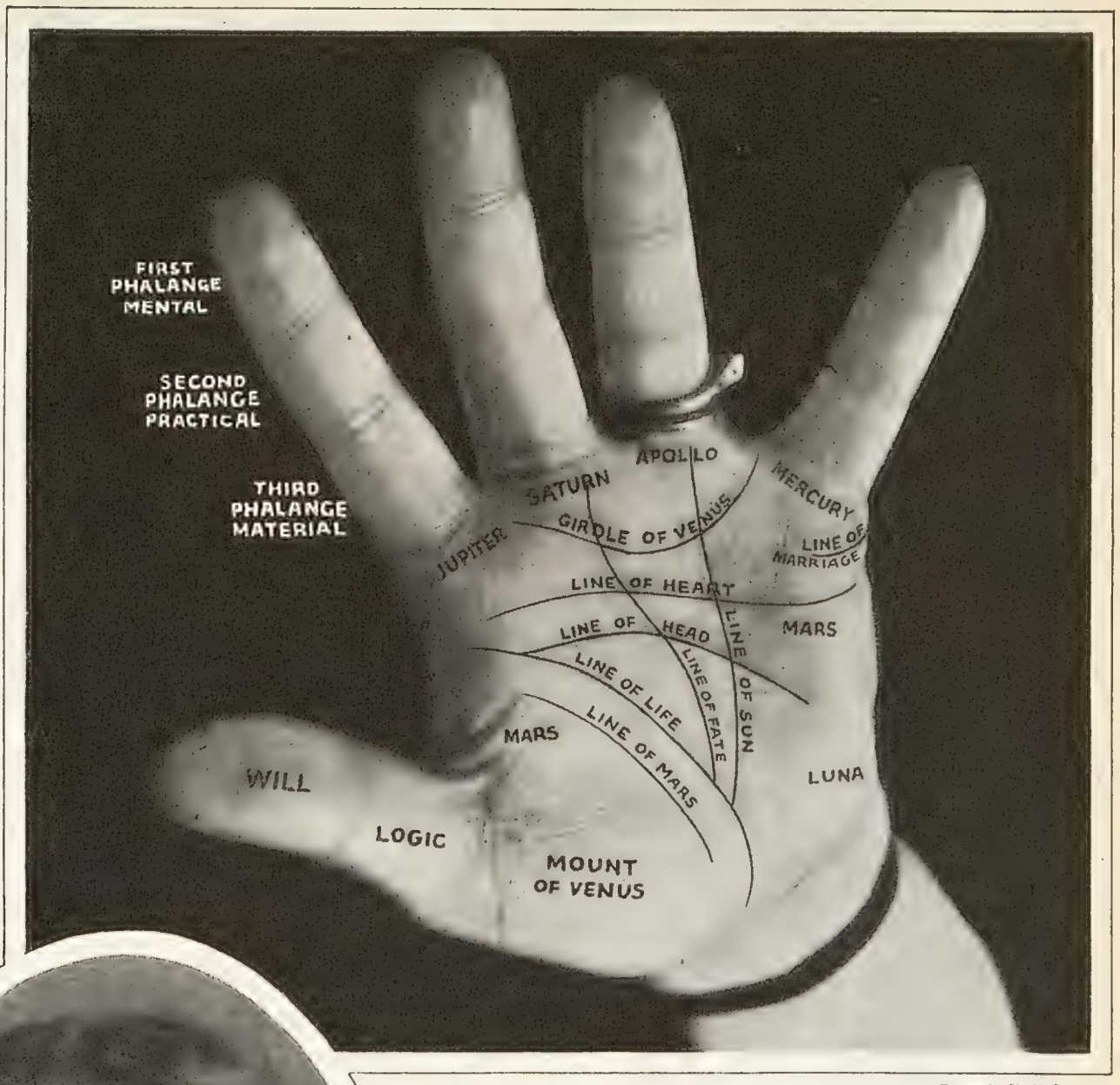
"Did you really suppose I got Uncle Titus to make those crazy terms with you, two weeks ago, just for the sake of the silly old bank?" she asked, in despair at such stupidity.

THE END

Your Hand Tells Your History

Scientists Decry Palmistry, But—How Do You Explain Some of the Results? Asks

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW



Russell Ball Photo

The lines and "mounts" shown here will enable anyone, with very little extra knowledge, to give a first-class exhibition of the palmist's art. As explained in the article, interpreting them is simple.

BY MERELY glancing at the palm of your hand I can tell whether you are going to lead a long life, get that money from your old uncle in Kansas, or commit murder some Monday before breakfast.

At least, that's the theory. It works out very nicely on the charts which come in the palmistry books. Somehow, the hands I look at don't seem to run the way the charts say they should. Perhaps it is the fault of my friends. Their hands would be different.

Anyhow, after much study and the feeling that now, at last, I'll be able to find out all Those Things my best women friends haven't confessed to me, the best I can do is to pick up a hand, look at it, and mutter with what I think passes for wisdom:

"My, what a nice hand you've got, dear! No, I don't see any *bad* lines at all. Um-m—you are extravagant and—you've got a good life line and—and you are fond of travel and music."

There may be something to it. I like the idea. It seems so neat and convenient to think that each person carries, tucked away in the palm of his or her hand, a complete life history, together with charts as to character and disposition. I can't imagine a nicer plan.

Until a few weeks ago this entire business of palmistry, which I now know so much about, was nothing in my life. But I took sick, for the first time in my life, and it was decided that I had to spend a couple of months in bed. Bed had never been presented to me in this aspect before.

© Fernand de Gueldre

Said to be among the best amateurs practicing palmistry—Dan Walker, the actor.

So I studied palmistry. With no interruptions excepting telephone calls, doctor's visits, friends dropping in with "Is there anything I can do for you?" but making no visible efforts to do anything excepting to eat my best candy, and a few other things which are likely to come into any life, I had a lot of time to myself. Oh, I won't say that I'm an authority on palmistry, exactly, even now. Anyhow, I'll tell you some of the things I learned.

Palmistry was well thought of in India hundreds of years ago and had an ancient literature all of its own. It was well thought of in Greece and Rome, and folks believed in it during the Middle Ages. Two fairly recent authorities are Frenchmen, D'Arpentigny, who wrote in 1843, and Desbarrolles, who, in 1859, wrote The Mysteries of the Hand. A dozen other palmists have written since that date, and Cheiro, which doesn't happen to be his name at all, is considered the best today.

If you must know—and in order to show my remarkable knowledge—there are two branches in studying the hand. The first is chirognomy, which teaches about the shapes of hands and fingers. There are six distinct types of hands. Here they are:

THE Elemental, which belongs to the lowest type of mentality. Of course, your hand isn't like that. This hand is thick, short, and clumsy. The owners have no love of beauty or control over their emotions.

The Square Hand. It is a fine type and you should have it, if possible. It means you are useful, respect law and order, and have strong principles.

The Spatulate Hand is easily recognized because the tips of the fingers resemble spatulas. People with these hands are energetic, nervous, and independent, but do not necessarily stick to things very long.

The Philosophic Hand has long nails and knotty joints. These people love mystery and study. They love philosophy and secrets and deep thinking.

The Conic Hand has fingers which are full at the base and are slightly pointed. These people are impulsive and artistic, but they love to talk and waste time and may be too fond of luxury to do very much work.

The Psychic Hand is the most beautiful. It is long, narrow, and delicate, with slender fingers and lovely, pointed nails. It's too beautiful for work, however, so its owners, although they appreciate beauty, never know how to earn it. They are religious, delicate, sensitive, and should be born with money.

Some persons consider a seventh type, too.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

ATWATER KENT RADIO

A glimpse of the studio of HARRISON FISHER, *the artist, where the Model 20 is installed.*

EVEN THE PARTS YOU DON'T SEE

EVERY Atwater Kent owner knows that his set is exceptionally well built. If he should take it to pieces he would find every part, down to the smallest hidden screw, soundly and conscientiously made.

In twenty-four years of experience in the manufacture of electrical instruments of precision we have done it in no other way.

The result of this policy is that those who can choose *any* radio set are apt to prefer the consistent, satisfying action of Atwater Kent Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers.

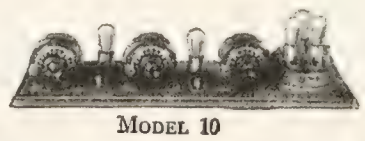
For tone, volume, distance, selectivity, appearance—you can be absolutely sure that better designed Radio Sets and Speakers cannot be found.

And your dealer knows how little attention they require after reaching your home. For they have received more attention than they need before they left our factory.

ATWATER KENT MFG. CO. · PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DE LUXE MODEL

MODEL 20 COMPACT



MODEL 10

The Elementary Hand, typical of relatively uncultured people.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 19]

It is a mixed hand, which may be a combination of any or all of the other hands put together.

The thumb is so important that some palmists tell fortunes by it alone. The first phalange, when well developed, shows will and decision. The second shows logic. A supple-jointed thumb indicates extravagance in every form. A firm joint shows determination. A narrow second phalange shows tact.

Each finger has its own name, and you had better learn them if you are planning to become a palmist in five minutes. The first finger is Jupiter; second finger, Saturn; third finger, Apollo, or the Sun, and little finger, Mercury. At the bases of the fingers are the Mounts, which take their names from the fingers.

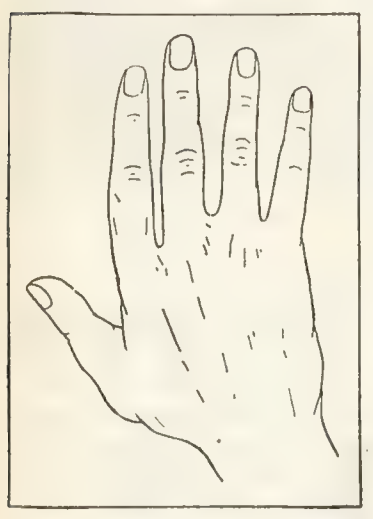
The Mount of Jupiter, developed, denotes pride and ambition; Saturn, moodiness and fatality. Apollo means art or riches, and Mercury means science, quickness, or wit. Venus is the Mount of the thumb and, of course, stands for love. Luna stands for folly and imagination. Above Venus and Luna are the two small Mounts of Mars—and when these are developed they mean courage, fighting, or cruelty.

THE second branch of palmistry is called chiromancy, and relates to the lines and other marks which occur in the palm of the hand. There are five principal lines.

The Line of Life, which surrounds the thumb, indicates by its length and condition whether you will be healthy and how long you will live. Islands, little lines running from the life line, or breaks, indicate illness. A nice firm life line indicates good health.

The Line of the Head crosses the center of the hand. If it is long, it is most powerful. If it is connected for too long a space with the Life Line, it shows a person who is too much under the influence of others and is nervous and sensitive. When separated completely, it shows independence—and sometimes too much. When straight, it indicates common sense and a love of material things. When it curves down, it shows imagination, romance, and idealism.

The Line of the Heart runs parallel to the head line at the base of the fingers. When it sinks down to the Mount of Luna, it shows the subject is abnormal. It should be deep and clear and rather high. When it comes from the center of Jupiter, it is best and indicates the highest type of love. Between the first and second fingers, it shows a calmer but sometimes even deeper affection. When it rises from Saturn, it shows passion, but selfishness and less love of home. A subject with little or no heart line hasn't much affection for anyone.



The Conic Hand, found on those who show artistic traits.

The Line of Fate has the central place in the hand and runs some place between the wrist and the Mount of Saturn. When it goes straight to the Mount of Saturn, it means good fortune and success. A long, clear cut line to Saturn means a happy and prosperous life. Rising from the Mount of Luna, success may depend on other people. If stopped by the Line of the Head, success may be stopped by a blunder. People without any fate line are often successful, but will lead uneventful existences.

The Line of Apollo or the Sun is the line of success. If it rises from the Line of Life, it may mean success in artistic pursuits. Rising from the Line of Fate, it increases what has been promised by the fate line. From the Mount of Luna, it promises success due to the work of others. Too many lines on the Mount of the Sun show too many ideas for success. Absence of the sign shows that it will be difficult to gain recognition.

Of course, you want to know about the Line of Marriage. This line is on the Mount of Mercury. When close to the Line of the Heart, this line means early marriage. The number of marriages may be determined by the number of deep lines. And there you are!

The Spatulate Hand, possessed by energetic but vacillating individuals.

The Philosophic Hand, denoting those given to abstract thinking.

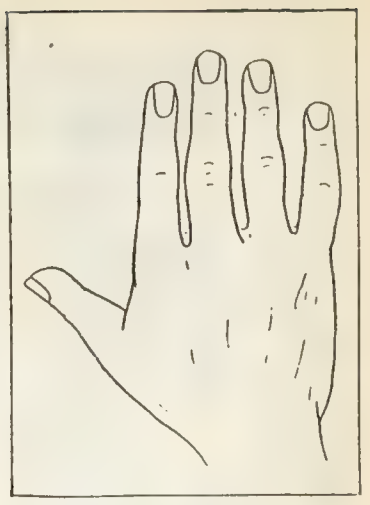
Do I believe in palmistry? I wish I knew. There must be something in it; for, when you can tell so very much by looking at a person's face, why shouldn't it be possible for you to be able to tell some things by looking at hands, too? I don't mean where Fred was last night, or whether or not Ora's husband ever knew where she really did go that Saturday, but facts about character.

I wanted other opinions, so I went to two authorities. One is a prominent practicing physician who is frankly skeptical about anything that can't be proved by science and the other an attractive and talented young actor who, I found out by investigation, is considered the cleverest amateur palmist in New York.

Dr. Herbert Vermilye's opinions may be taken as representative of the average reputable physician and psychologist, for he is a graduate of Princeton and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and is a member of the New York Society for Clinical Psychiatry and the Harvey Society for Medical Research.

"No, I do not believe in palmistry," said Doctor Vermilye when I questioned him. "When I say I do not believe in palmistry, however, I wish to qualify and analyze the word 'believe.' What do we mean when we say 'believe'? Too, I don't think anybody has a right to say he 'believes' in palmistry until palmistry has been scientifically investigated.

"If anyone were to analyze one thousand cases and report statistics, one might come to some conclusion as to whether palmistry is a science or merely a superstition. A scientist would examine one thousand so-called 'life lines' and compare them. He would investigate the so-called 'heart line,' or any of the other so-called lines, to determine whether an individual had these characteristics.



The Square or Useful Hand, marking the men who "do things."

"What do palmists mean when they speak of character? They say that the thumb shows will. Psychologists and psychiatrists, after many years, have never come to any conclusion as to what the will is or even if anyone has a will. Perhaps the palmists mean stubbornness. The psychologists may speak of 'a compulsion neurosis.' How can one determine if a man has a strong will by examining his thumb when he doesn't even know if he has a will or what it is?

"Palmists speak of the so-called 'marriage lines' and speak of two or three marriages. While it is human and possible that a person with strong sex characteristics might have strong markings to indicate them, on the other hand, such a person might have over-reactions and be a celibate.

"People are interested in the mystical because it is a fundamental instinct. It is instinctive. A desire to be able to predict the future from symbols has been instinctively inherent since the beginning of mankind. Whether or not one believes or doesn't believe depends on the question of a desire to believe.

"There is no reason why someone with scientific training should not investigate palmistry, but so far it has never been done. The palmist says 'palmistry is true,' and then goes ahead to prove it. That is a paranoid idea, 'the triumph of the preconceived idea.' The scientist sets out with an open mind and collects a series of cases to see what the cases show."

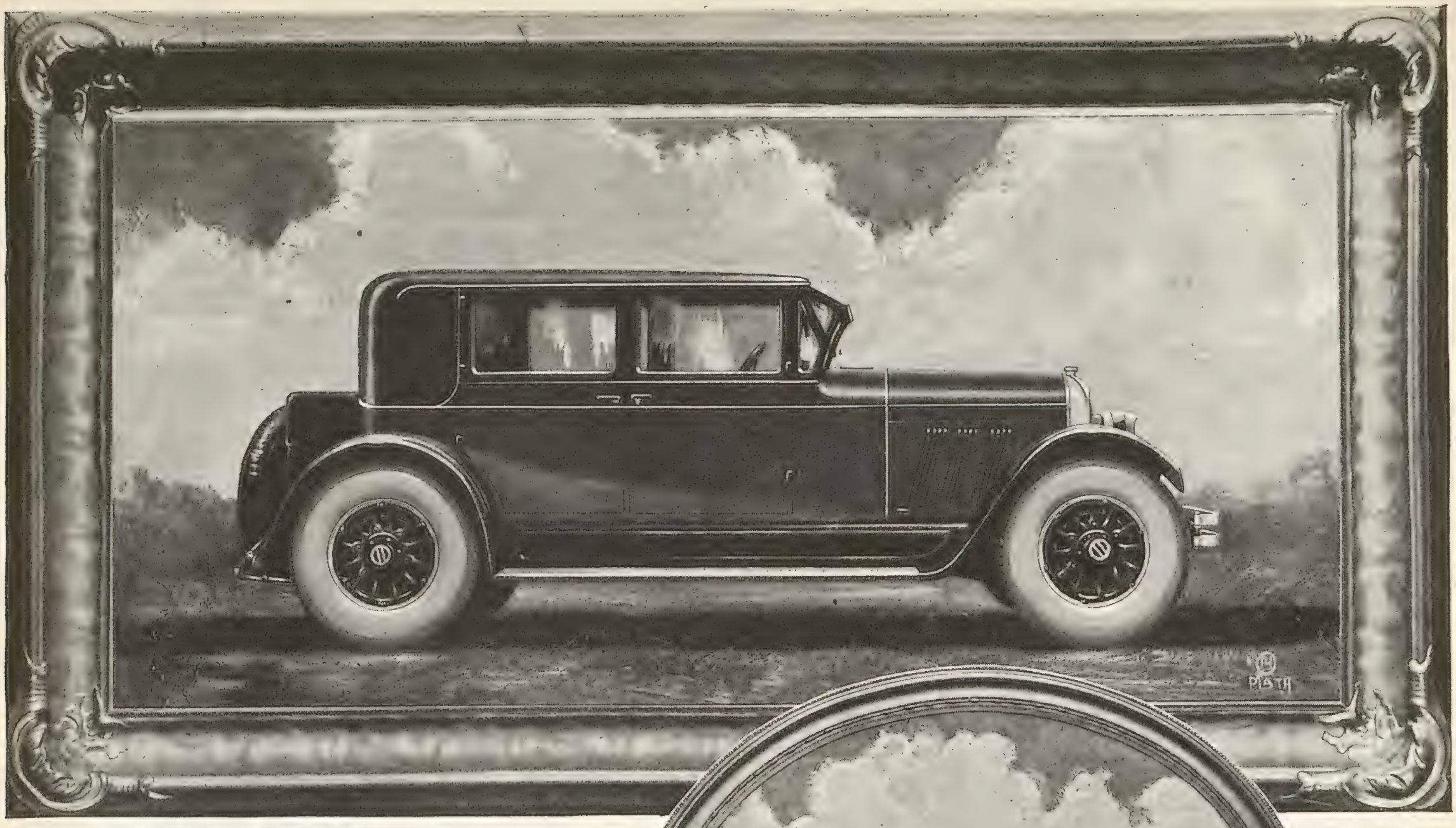
NOT satisfied with Doctor Vermilye's most scholarly discussion, I went to the other side for evidence. First, I asked a dozen people who, in their opinions, was the best palmist they knew. I discovered that, professionally, palmists are not permitted to practice their work in New York, but I also discovered that practically everyone I asked gave me the name of this same "talented amateur." He is Dan Walker, who last year proved himself a clever satirist in The Grand Street Follies, and who has played leads with Elsie Janis and with various musical comedies. Mr. Walker does realistic imitations with an edge of cynicism thrown in for good measure. He also wrote three of the cleverest burlesques in The Grand Street Follies and is now writing for the theater.

"Why did you take up reading palms?" I wanted to know.

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Walker, "a man read my palm and told me just enough to make me intensely curious about it. When I was on the road in a theatrical company several years ago—and you know what that

[CONT'D ON PAGE 23]

The Psychic Hand, possessed by impractical beauty lovers.



6-66 Brougham $1595 Freight and Tax Extra

Not a Pocket Edition

But a big, roomy 120-inch wheelbase, easy riding, six cylinder motor car---custom built quality, appearance and detail. The sensational buy of today's market.

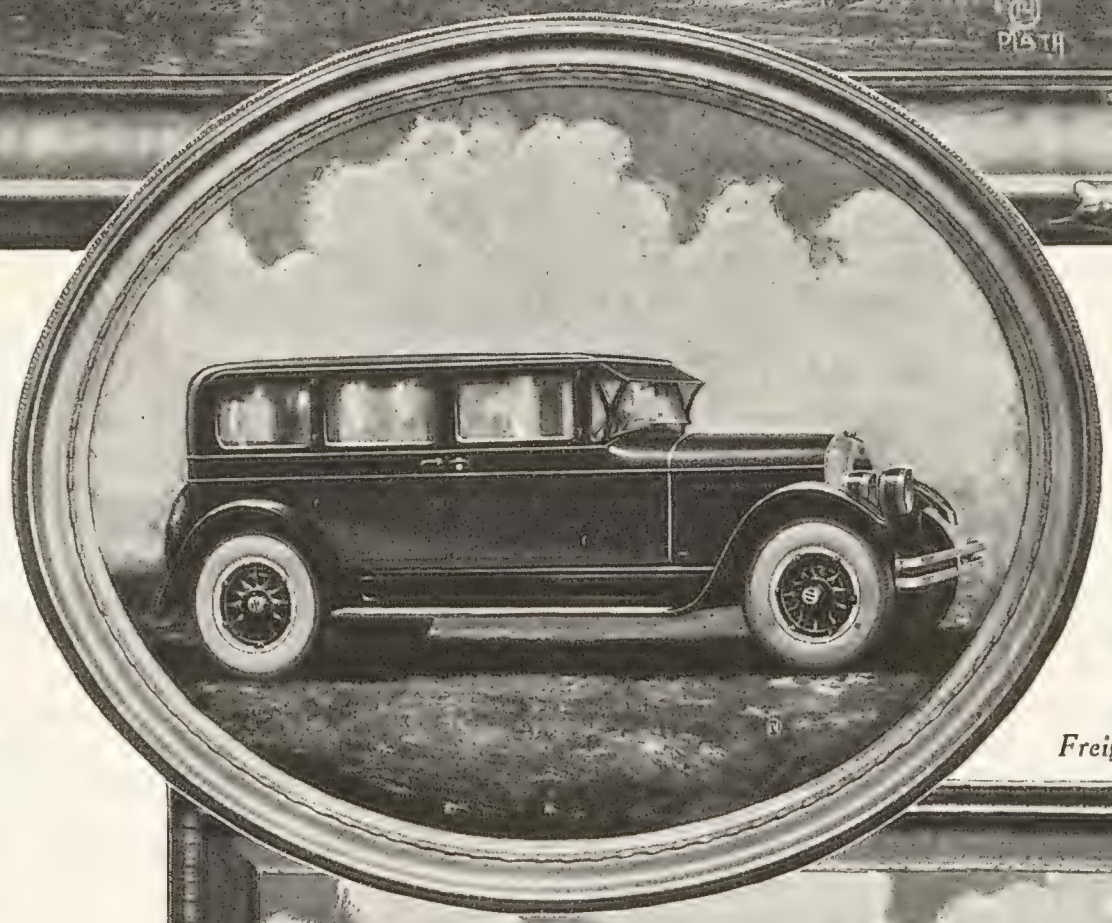
CLOSED MODEL—The Auburn Six closed bodies are similar in design to the remarkably beautiful Auburn Eight; lacquer finish, Brewster windshield, centralized control on steering wheel, all instruments under one panel on dash, metal roof quarters on top, four extra wide doors, rear seat 48 inches wide, ample room for three passengers, leather finish in Brougham optional.

ROADSTER—The most up-to-date smart roadster design. Room for five passengers, 3 in front and two in rear. A racy looking and performing sport type with many improved new features, including the convenient rear door which eliminates necessity of climbing over to get into the rear seat.

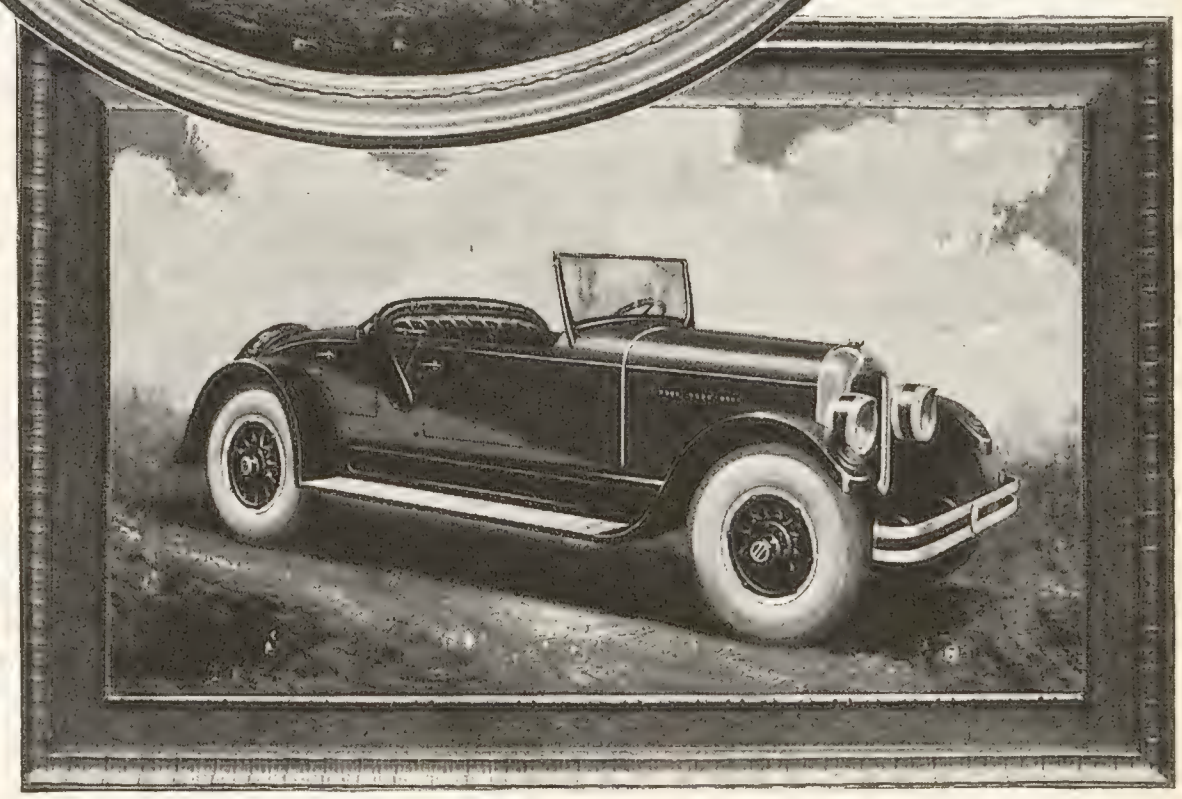
For complete information address Dept. L

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

6-66 Sedan, $1795; 6-66 Brougham, $1595; 6-66 Roadster, $1495; 8-88 Sedan, $2350; 8-88 Brougham, $2250; 8-88 five-passenger Sport Roadster, $1975; freight and tax extra.



6-66 Sedan
$1795
Freight and Tax Extra



6-66 Roadster $1495
Freight and Tax Extra

AUBURN SIXTY SIX

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

means: waiting for trains, long hours of travel, and time to waste generally—I was a bit bored, so I got a book on palmistry and read it on the train. I began to practice on the people around me. The girls in the company would come running to me every day to ask 'Is anything new in my hand?'

"Suddenly I realized that I was beginning to tell people the truth. One night at a party I told a woman that she had been married years before—and she had been, but didn't want the fact known, so she denied it. I insisted that I was right and later, when we were alone, she admitted the truth, but said that she hadn't wanted anyone present to find out. Since then I have read palms of hundreds of persons, but I try to be discreet in what I am telling them—at least, when other persons are around.

"I found that eight out of ten times I am right when I tell people things. Even when they deny it at the time, later I find confirmation of my findings. People deny things they do not want to hear. I try not to tell people anything which is in any way destructive.

"Hands do not change. They develop. The promise is there from the beginning. Some persons are born to a destination that is fixed and they cannot change it. Other persons' lives are just as they make them.

"NOT long ago at a party some young folks wanted me to read their hands. They were uninteresting on the whole—the average flapper hands, though a few were fairly amusing. Suddenly I saw a hand that was different. I said to the young man, the owner of the hand, 'You were twenty-two when someone crashed into your life. You eloped, didn't you?'

"'Yes, I did!' he told me. No one else at the party knew anything about it.

"The average palmist who reads palms for money is a fake and knows nothing about the rules of palmistry. He or she is a clever judge of character and leads the victim on to self-confession and gets as much money as possible. In San Francisco there were until recently—and maybe they are still there—hundreds of fake palmists and astrologers and fortune tellers who prey on the people, but who know nothing of the art they are pretending to practice."

It seems to me if I were able to read hands I should be reading everyone's hands with whom I came into contact. I asked Mr. Walker if he felt like that. He admitted he did.

"Hands have become more or less a complex with me," he nodded. "It's a fascinating study. Even in traveling in the subway I watch people—I see a murderer's thumb there and an artistic hand on a little shopgirl—I wish I could follow out the cases. It is a lot of bunk to say that a person can tell your name—things like that—by looking at your hand, but you can tell characteristics, general tendencies—promise of a future or lack of it."

"Do you tell persons about sickness or death?" I wanted to know.

"No, but once I saw a woman's hands which told of death by accident in the near future, and the woman was killed within six months. I do not believe in telling people misfortunes, although sometimes if people know about impending illnesses they can be warned and so can lighten or even avoid them."

I asked Mr. Walker if he had made any original conclusions due to his experience, and he told me of two. He can trace through the left hand the heritage of an individual. Ancestry and inherited tendencies are very plainly marked for him; he can see when the subject has bettered himself, or when he has fallen below the standards set by his ancestors.

Mr. Walker's second conclusion is that people's lives are divided into three periods—youth, up to thirty; manhood or womanhood, from thirty to forty-five, and the later years. He finds that the hand changes at these three periods and that it is harder to predict from one period to the next. He has found also—a pleasant thought—that success usually comes with the later years.

Mr. Walker has done a great deal of social work and he has found on visits to asylums and in working with criminals that the things he has learned in palmistry have nearly always been confirmed by the cases he has seen. Of normal types, his favorite hand is the sturdy hand, and the hand he likes least is the artistic one with tapering fingers, which, though its owner loves the beautiful, is unable to do anything.

IT is an interesting subject, I'll admit that, and because it has existed through so many centuries it deserves a bit of our attention, whether or not it has proved itself a science. Do you believe that a little line in your hand can show by its curve your disposition, or if you'll prove a success or a failure? Well, we all like to dabble in the future a bit—and with seemingly impossible things being proved every day——

In spite of the fact that I do not say I believe in palmistry I shall let it become a permanent part of my parlor repertoire. And it is seldom that an editor does you such a good turn as to point out the way in which you may get a new man so interested in you that five minutes after you are introduced you can be holding his hand and alternately listening to and telling him the story of his life. That is what palmistry can do! Here are charts and a photograph with the features indicated—sort of a first lesson. As much as you need to know. More. Try it and see!

———

Another article on the characteristics often indicated by the formation of the hands—the views of one of this country's best known sculptors—will appear in an early issue, entitled By Their Hands You Shall Know Them.

Have You a

"Grade A" Mind?

Maybe it's a long time since Teacher marked A or 99% at the top of your test papers. Haven't you often wondered how you'd get along in a quiz these days? Next week's Liberty begins a new sport, resembling in a degree the much discussed Army Tests, that will grip you under the collar just as hard as the first cross-word puzzles did. It's educational and instructive, this new mental diversion. But, most of all, it's FUN. If you want to give your brain a treat as well as some stiff exercise begin Liberty's latest, called

Measuring Your Mind

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Size Meant Nothing to Him

Some time ago I was entertaining my husband's sister for a few days and she brought with her a relative of her husband, who was a stranger in our family. The lady was exceptionally large and fleshy, but was equally amiable and jolly. She and my eight-year-old son Wallace soon became pals. Wallace, having a camera, had promised the guest to take her picture.

"Wallace," she said, mischievously, alluding to her extreme proportions, "maybe you can't take me with your camera."

"Huh!" said he, with great indignation. "I took a barn once!"—Mrs. J. P. D., Beloit, Wis.

He Knew "Leftovers"

My sister, whose husband is a traveling salesman and only home on Sundays, took my four-year-old Billie to spend the week-end with her. It was the child's first trip to be away from his mother over night, and when his uncle arrived Sunday morning he greeted him with these words:

"Hello, Uncle Tom, I'm left over from yesterday."—M. S., Glassport, Pa.

A Tip to Some Actors

Little David, who was reciting at a Christmas entertainment, bowed and was leaving the stage while finishing the last line. When he reached his mother, who was seated in the audience, she asked:

"Why, David, what was your hurry?"

He exclaimed, "I wanted to get down in time to clap for myself."—Mrs. A. E. N., Champaign, Ill.

Polly Was a Linguist

Polly had been visiting a neighbor's house where there is a Swedish maid. A little while after her return home her older sister heard her mumble the most impossible sounds at a rapid pace.

"What on earth are you saying, Polly," she cried out in amazement, for no human language ever held such words.

Polly looked very dignified and haughty at her sister and declared with crushing emphasis, "Please don't show your ignorance, Elsie; I am speaking Swedish with my dolly, and you just don't understand this foreign language!"—J. D. B., Chicago.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 39

Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. There are 105 direct company branches—the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world—located in the following cities:

Aberdeen, S. D.
Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Amarillo, Tex.
Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N. Y.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Calif.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mo.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

In addition to these company branches more than 1500 dealers, in as many communities from one end of the country to the other, are ready to serve International owners.

Showing Model SL, the underslung Speed Truck—safe and low—ideal for many jobs.

Specially built for speed—sturdily built for service

IF SPEEDY transportation is a factor in your business, and if you need it with dependable regularity and economy, then the International Speed Truck is the truck you want on your job.

It will render economical service for your business and exceptional service to your customers—it will speed up your deliveries and cut down your expenditures.

More than 6000 merchants in one line alone own International Speed Trucks. These and an army of others in practically every line of business use the Speed Truck for serving their customers, extending their fields and reducing costs.

Count on profitable hauling from the Speed Truck for your needs—you can! For over twenty years International Trucks have been delivering that kind of service. They are built to deliver it. The reputation of other products of the Harvester Company, extending over almost a hundred years, is a fair guarantee of what you may expect of International performance—and permanence.

The Speed Truck is supplied with any type body and has a maximum capacity of 2000 pounds. The International line also includes Heavy-Duty Trucks, ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities, and Motor Coaches for all requirements.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. MICHIGAN AVE. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

F O R L O W - C O S T H A U L I N G

Those Business Luncheons

By ROY S. DURSTINE

Where There Are Blondes and Chocolate Eclairs and Everything

Picture by R. B. FULLER

"IT'S very important, so why don't we get together for lunch?"

"Fine! Where shall we make it?"

"How about the grill of the Mammoth?"

"Suits me. What time?"

"One o'clock?"

"Right you are. See you at the Hotel Mammoth at one—or would you rather call for us here?"

"Just as you say."

"Well, perhaps we'd better meet at the hotel."

"That's great. See you there. So long."

"So long."

In such simple words as these the American business man sets the stage for his most important meetings. Particularly if the subject to be discussed has its confidential and delicate phases he is bound to suggest that it be discussed in the most crowded, noisiest restaurant within walking distance, preferably where an orchestra dealing in modern rhythms mingles its tunes with the more vital parts of the conversation.

The arranger, who has something to sell, usually goes to lunch about 12:20. That one o'clock suggestion was a little swank on his part, to impress his prospect that he was in no hurry to get down to brass tacks. So, from force of habit, at 12:25 he puts his head in his partner's door.

"Ready? We mustn't keep them waiting."

"With you in a second."

The arranger strolls into the hall and rings for the elevator, but when the car stops the partner has not yet appeared.

The arranger opens his office door, yells for his partner, who is nowhere in sight, turns back to the elevator and pretends to study the dials over the other cars. The passengers in the waiting elevator shift their footing and throw out nasty looks. The elevator man bangs his door, muttering whatever it is that elevator men mutter as they bang their doors.

Eventually the arranger and his partner reach the grill of the Mammoth at 12:40.

"You stay here and watch for them," says the arranger. "I'll look through the corridors. They might have misunderstood the place."

Five minutes later he returns.

"No sign of them yet? That's funny! He's usually on time. Oh, by George! I remember now I said one o'clock. Well, let's check our coats."

Wives and daughters of other business men who that day are lunching in other similar grill rooms press about the door in a pleasant perfumed haze. It is a matinee day and the air is heavy with scented powder, white kid, and furs.

"Better get a table, hadn't I?" says the arranger. The arranger knows his stuff and the head waiter knows his. So four fingers upheld are enough to insure a table in the center of the room where the traffic is heaviest.

Promptly at one the prospect appears with a pale associate who keeps him from getting let in for anything. This is the first time the assistant, on the one hand, and the partner, on the other, have been brought into the matter. So there are general introductions.

The prospect is impressed with the table to which they are led.

"Looks as if somebody had some influence around here!" he exclaims.

"Well, I believe in judicious tipping," admits the arranger.

"You certainly are a great little picker. I like the scenery!" laughs the prospect as he congratulates himself on having picked the seat facing the two blondes at the side table.

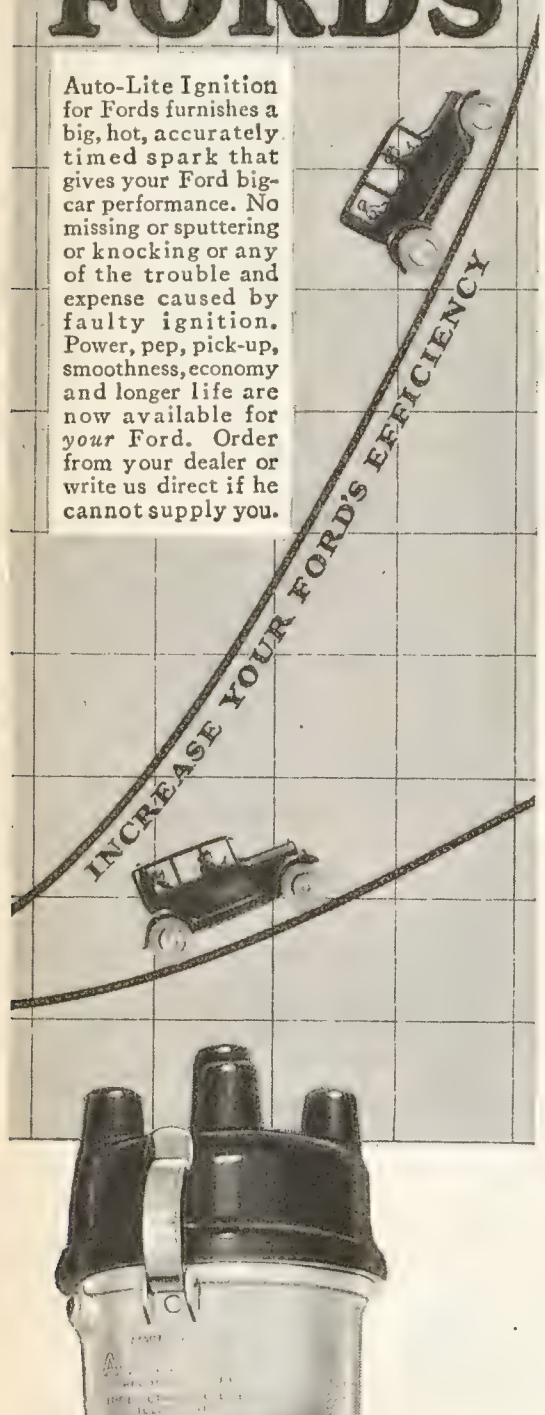
"Now what do you usually take at this time of day?" asks the arranger as a captain of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ALL four study the cards as if they did not already know that they fully intended to have chocolate eclairs.

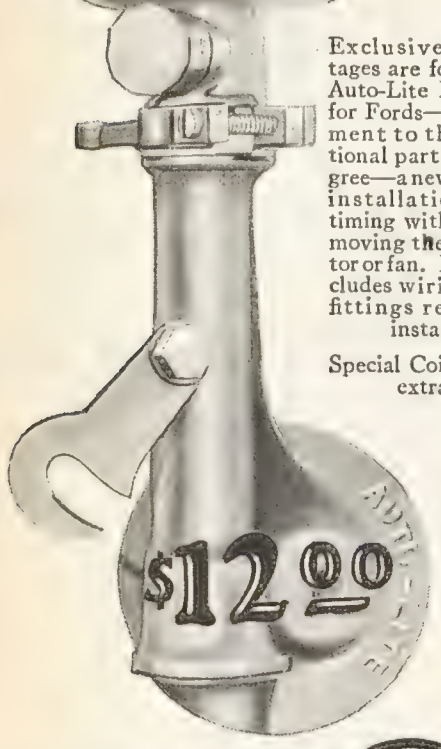
Auto-Lite *Ignition for* FORDS

Auto-Lite Ignition for Fords furnishes a big, hot, accurately timed spark that gives your Ford big-car performance. No missing or sputtering or knocking or any of the trouble and expense caused by faulty ignition. Power, pep, pick-up, smoothness, economy and longer life are now available for *your* Ford. Order from your dealer or write us direct if he cannot supply you.



Exclusive advantages are found on Auto-Lite Ignition for Fords—adjustment to the fractional part of a degree—a new ease of installation and timing without removing the radiator or fan. Price includes wiring and fittings ready to install.

Special Coil $5.00 extra.



Sales and Service through authorized Auto-Lite Service Stations everywhere. Look for this sign.

SERVICE AUTO-LITE STATION

The Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Office & Works: Toledo, O.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

waiters hands him one menu card and draws out pencil and pad.

"Well, let's see," murmurs the prospect.

"Some clams?" asks the arranger.

"No, thanks, nothing heavy," is the answer. "I eat very little in the middle of the day."

"Soup?" This from the captain.

"No. Here, waiter, what are these eggs, something or other?"

The captain steps around the table, leans too closely over the prospect's shoulder, examines the line which he indicates, and then replies:

"That ees a poached egg wiz a—well, a kind of a sauce."

"Chicken livers?"

"I sink so."

"I'll just have an order of roast beef and a baked potato and coffee."

"Coffee *wiz ze* luncheon?"

"Yes—a big cup."

"Wiz cream?"

"Why wouldn't that be a good idea all around?" asks the arranger.

"I'll try those eggs," injects the partner, and gets a dirty look for his pains.

"Roast beef suits me," chips in the assistant.

"Me, too," concludes the arranger. "And we'll order the dessert later."

THE cards are snatched away, bus boys dart their arms over the table as they rattle the silver and glassware, shake out the napkins, pour the water, splash it with cubes of ice, remove the vase of carnations, and drip squares of butter across the linen. The orchestra gets into its stride.

"Well, and how have you been?" asks the arranger cheerily.

"Fine—and you?" replies the prospect.

"Never better."

"That's fine."

"We certainly have been a long time getting together on this luncheon."

"We certainly have. Say, do you see that woman over there? Don't look now. No, not the one at the table with two girls. The one beyond that." Three heads turn with military precision.

"Yes, I noticed her as we came in," says the arranger.

"Stunning-looking woman, isn't she?" goes on the prospect. "Funny thing about her. I used to know her husband years ago in Milwaukee. Moved here a couple of years ago. That's not her husband she's with."

"When I first looked at her," says the partner, "I thought it was that girl in the Follies."

"That's a great show, isn't it?"

"Yes, I've seen it so many times that I know all the steps."

The food arrives and conversation is limited to helping the waiter find out who wanted the eggs, getting the right kind of mustard, and calling for more butter and a supply of last week's rolls instead of last year's.

The arranger realizes that the time is slipping by and that the purpose of the meeting has not been forwarded. He wonders what he can toss into the din to divert the conversation into selfish channels.

"Well, how do you find things?" he asks.

"What say?"

"I say how do you find things through the country?"

"Well, I'll tell you," begins the prospect solemnly, though one vacant eye rests upon the prettier of the near-by blondes, "it's not bad and it's not good."

"That's just the way it seems to us," agrees the arranger.

"I'll tell you one thing, though," the prospect goes on, "these birds who thought this year was going to be another boom were all wrong. Most people have had to sell and sell hard. Good for 'em, too!"

"That's what I say!"

"Now, I've got a theory about it."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir. I've given it a great deal of thought. In our organization we have things pretty well divided up. What I mean is the place pretty well moves itself, though of course I have to keep an eye on the boys."

"Of course."

"But what I mean, most of my time is devoted to planning and concentrated thought and——"

His voice trails off as his eye focuses on the two beauties who have paid their check and are gathering up their white gloves and beaded bags and compacts and handkerchiefs and lipsticks and cigarette cases. The three heads turn again. There is silence broken only by the clatter of china and silver, the conversational shouts of three hundred other lunchers, and what the orchestra can contribute, now that it is really trying.

"YOU were telling us about your theory," prompts the arranger.

"Oh, yes. Sorry I lost my train of thought. Paying too much attention to the scenery, I guess. Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" echo the three others.

"What I was going to say is just this. I have a theory that the whole thing about business in this country is psychological, and that if we——"

"Any dessert?" shouts the returning captain as he spins four menu cards onto the table.

"Nothing more for me," announces the prospect.

"Quite sure?" presses the arranger.

"You going to have anything?"

"If you will."

All four study the cards as if they did not already know that they fully intended to have chocolate eclairs.

There are always three stages in arriving at the inevitable chocolate eclair. The first is to profess no interest in desserts. The second is to concentrate on the menu. Then:

"I guess I'll take a look at the French pastry."

The pastry arrives, filling two trays. It runs mostly to combinations of whipped cream and pie crust, sometimes under or around a few pieces of wilted fruit.

"No chocolate eclairs?" asks the prospect, severely.

"He can get one," says the arranger. "I'd like one, too."

"So would I."

"Me, too."

"All right. Bring four chocolate eclairs."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, I'd like a demi-tasse."

"Large cup for me."

"There's some left in this pot."

"Never mind that," the arranger interposes. "Bring a coupla more pots and some fresh cups. And some perfectos."

AT last, he believes, he will be able to get to the point and he wants all possible aids to digestion—and discussion.

"How are things in your line?" asks the prospect graciously.

"We can't complain," the arranger answers. "No, sir, we can't complain at all. Of course, things might be better. Sure you won't have more coffee? But on the whole we are getting a pretty good break this year. Pass the box to these gentlemen, first. Oh, have one; they're very light. But, of course, we are constantly on the lookout for new ways of——"

"Is that Henry Judkins over there?" asks the prospect. "At that table with five men?"

"I don't know him."

"By golly, it is! Hello, Henry! He's president of Consolidated Fish-hooks. Great fellow. Excuse me just a second. I must speak to him."

The prospect takes the distance to the table of five in three strides. Mr. Judkins remains seated, but the other four rise as the newcomer is introduced. There is a moment of earnest conversation. Then the prospect returns to his hosts.

"You won't mind, I know," he says, affably, "if I hurry away. I've been trying for weeks to see that fellow Judkins. Something I want to sell him. Busiest man in New York. Just said he'd go back to my office with me. Sorry to run off. And about that matter you wanted to discuss. Come in some time and we'll talk it over. Enjoyed seeing you. Good-by!"

Sorrowfully the arranger signals to the waiter to bring the check.

THE END

When you paint WHITE, *use* Zinc-O-Lith

On Your Street Your HOUSE is You

SOMEWHERE you may be "the man who lives in Lakewood" or "the woman who lives on Green street," but to many of your neighbors you are "the people who live in that first white house on the left," or "beyond the white house on the right," or "in the attractive white house across the street."

How naturally we use a white house as a land mark! And of all the houses you ever have wanted to own, weren't most of them painted white?

Zinc-O-Lith is a new kind of paint for the white house. It's a pure white that is white and stays white. It will give you the kind of white house that both your painter and you will be proud of and it not only saves you money because of its covering and spreading qualities, but it actually costs you less in the first place.

That's because the new materials from which it is made cost less. Then it covers more surface (350 square feet to the gallon) and it covers this larger surface *better*. It retains its gloss for a longer time—all qualities that reduce cost.

The way Zinc-O-Lith flows from the painter's brush, its ease of application, saves painting time and at the end of its long life it provides a perfect surface for repainting.

Your painter will like Zinc-O-Lith. When painting time comes talk to him about it.

It's easy to paint by our time payment plan—20% down and 10 monthly payments. Why not see our dealer today?

Zinc-O-Lith
PURE WHITE

The GLIDDEN *Companies*

PAINTS — VARNISHES — STAINS — ENAMELS

We gave Jap-a-lac to the housewife—we brought Ripolin back to America—we introduced Zinc-O-Lith to the painter, and we developed the Lacqueroid System of Motor Car Finishing for the car owner. These are achievements we are proud of. Don't you think we have a right to be?

Adrian D. Joyce
President

The Glidden Company
Cleveland

Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company
Chicago

Adams & Elting Company
Chicago

Campbell Paint & Varnish Company
St. Louis

T. L. Blood & Company
St. Paul

The American Paint Works
New Orleans

Twin City Varnish Company
St. Paul

The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.
Cleveland

The A. Wilhelm Company
Reading

Nubian Paint & Varnish Company
Chicago

In Canada:
The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Zinc-O-Lith—*the paint that's* ALL *paint*

You rest 8 hours ..... but

Your gums are dormant. They get no stimulation. Their health is undermined because your food cheats them of exercise—because it is too soft to stir them to health. Switch to Ipana for one month, and keep your gums firm and healthy while you clean your teeth.

WHILE YOU SLEEP, the blood courses through your veins and arteries very slowly. But it does *circulate*. It restores vigor by purifying your body of the poisons of fatigue.

Yet within the walls of your gums the blood is almost stagnant. Far from the motive source of the blood—your heart—the gums get little purification by the pumping. They are not well purified by the blood itself.

Nature counted upon the natural massage of the food to stimulate the sluggish circulation within the gum walls. Yet the food you eat is so soft, so creamy, that nature's plan has been defeated. The gums get no stimulation, no "exercise"; and there you have, in simple explanation, the reason why the gums weaken before one-half the span of life is passed.

How to care for your gums and your teeth

The prevalence of "pink toothbrush" and the advent of stubborn troubles which attack teeth through the gum structure can be traced to the use of soft food and creamy sauces. Hasty eating, our national bad habit, is also to blame. Our gums today are dormant.

But if you supply to your gums the stimulation that they lack, you can combat the weakening that modern existence imposes.

As the dental profession will readily testify, you can brush your gums while you brush your teeth with Ipana, imparting to them the necessary "stirring up" that is so good for them. With daily care of this kind you will restore your gums to healthy firmness and will encourage a circulation of rich, fresh blood within their walls.

Why dentists like Ipana and recommend its use for the gums

Dentists know the relation of sound gums to healthy teeth. They know, too, the prevalence of "pink toothbrush" and related troubles.

So it is not surprising that thousands of dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana, now warmly recommend it.

Many of them tell their patients to give their gums a finger massage with Ipana *after* the daily cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic hemostatic known and used by the profession the country over. It is the presence of ziratol that gives Ipana its remarkable power to tone and to strengthen weak, undernourished gum tissue.

Make this trial of Ipana for one month

Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleansing power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective it really is.

Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

...ur gums...sleep day and night!

...our own toothbrush seldom "shows pink"—perhaps ...oes. Still, the best time to fight gum troubles is ...y begin. You can build no better foundation for ...—present and future—of your gums and teeth ...ush them twice daily with this delicious dentifrice.

MORE EVIDENCE
in the case against soft food

From the health commissioner of a great city:

"Future generations will be almost chinless unless we chew hard. Modern foods are too highly concentrated and the natural result is lack of exercise; consequently teeth and gums are not kept in normal condition."

From a dental textbook:

"The mouth is the mill of the alimentary canal. The consumption of fibrous food, thoroughly chewed, should be encouraged. We have abandoned many of the hard foods for mushy materials which require no action by the teeth and give them no exercise."

From an eminent British authority:

"The teeth during mastication are made to move in their sockets. The effect of this is to stimulate the circulation in the membrane of the gums. All this makes for the health of the teeth and their surroundings. Wherefore it is not surprising to find that those who masticate efficiently suffer much less from pyorrhea than those who bolt their food."

From a recently published research:

"Even those of us who are not dental cripples do not use our teeth vigorously enough. No single item in this (modern) menu is capable of giving the jaws more than an insignificant amount of exercise."

From an article in a dental journal:

"With the development of modern methods for refining food, the necessity for vigorous muscular effort has been removed and the stimulating effect of vigorous functioning has been lost."

...NA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB-525, 42 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

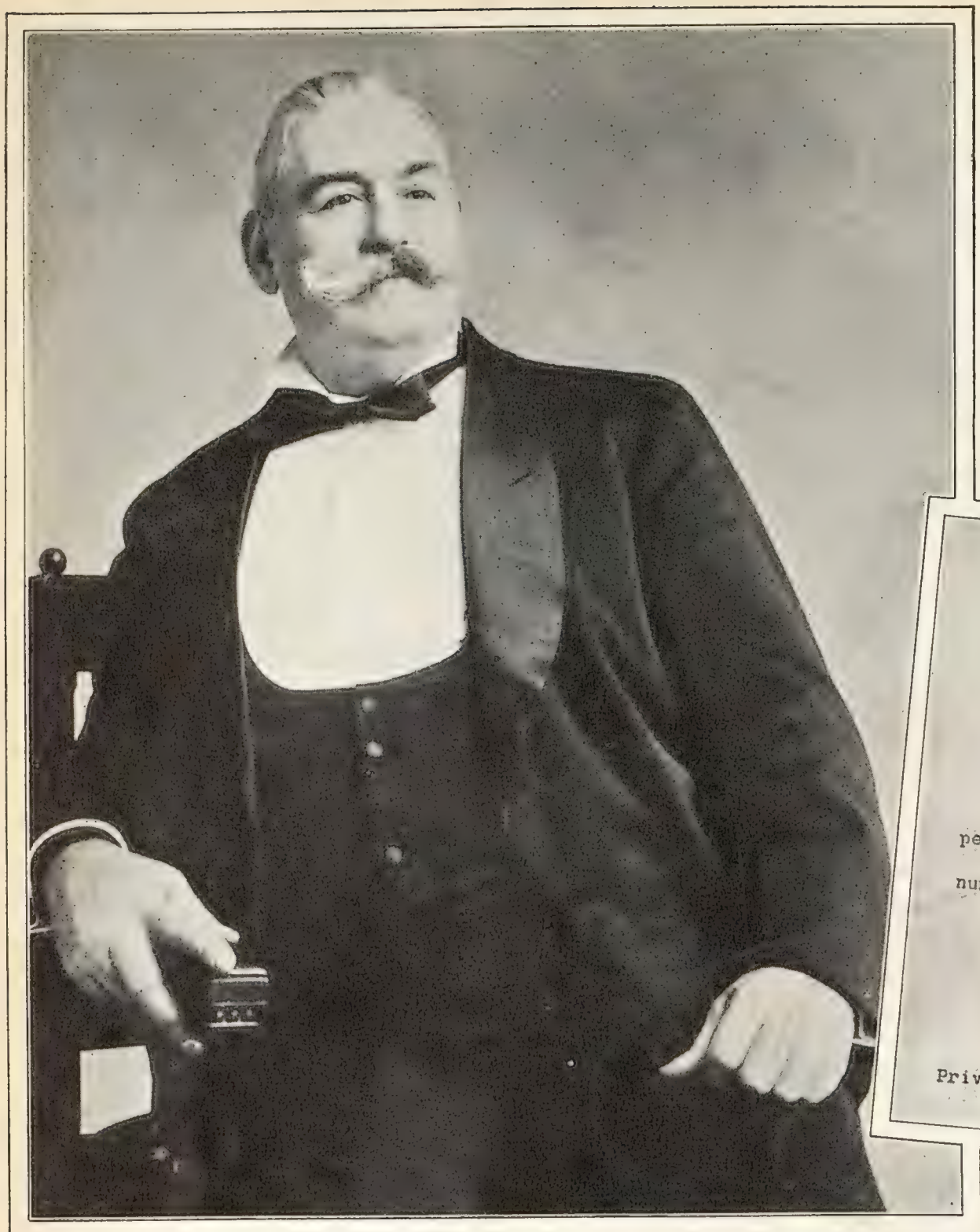
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1925



Albert Davis Collection

Left—How John L. looked while delivering temperance lectures, after he had renounced drink.

Right — Theodore Roosevelt, as he appeared during his African hunting trip. It was on this trip that he wrote the letter reproduced below, thanking his friend John L. for the good-luck token the latter had provided.

© U. & U.

Saigo Soi Camp, Lake Naivasha.

16th July. 1909.

John L. Sullivan, Esq,

care of The Globe Newspaper, Boston.

Dear John:-

Just a line to say that the rabbit's foot has worked to perfection. We have had a first-class trip and have killed a good number of lions, rhinoceros and other big game.

With all good wishes,

Your friend,

Theodore Roosevelt

Private and Personal

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

UP *from the* DEPTHS

By JOE DORNEY,

Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and

SID SUTHERLAND

THIS intimate life-story of the most lion-hearted and popular fighter the prize ring has ever known, is based upon Mr. Dorney's personal reminiscences, prepared in collaboration with Sid Sutherland, noted sports writer. Previous installments told of Sullivan's birth in Roxbury, Massachusetts; how he leaped into national attention almost overnight by his whirlwind knockouts in amateur and professional affairs, and wrested the world's championship from Paddy Ryan in 1882; how he reigned as king of pugilists and the darling of the nation for ten riotous years; and how, finally, dissipation and age brought him down to where the light-footed, superskillful James J. Corbett, in a classic battle fought in New Orleans in 1892, was able to wear him down in twenty-one rounds of milling, and then to knock him out. The last installment told how the broken-hearted old lion of the ring vowed never to fight again, and started a tremendous spree, which his friends feared marked the beginning of the end for him.

CHARLIE JOHNSON, Sullivan's backer, was right in his prophecy that John L. would be a wreck within a year after his defeat by Corbett. John touched bottom the next few years. Friends corralled him the second day after he had started to drown his sorrow over loss of the championship in magnums of wine, and the party started for New York. Sullivan was lifted aboard and stretched out in a stateroom. He slept most of the journey, and when they reached New York, Sullivan had sobered up considerably and the marks of the battle had about disappeared.

He was much cheered by his reception. The station was packed and a hundred policemen were required to force an aisle down the street to his hotel at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue. The crowd stood outside for an hour, yelling for "John L., the greatest champion that ever lived!"

The old-timers at once got up a benefit at Madison Square Garden when it was learned that Corbett had taken the entire purse and that John had gone broke betting on himself. The benefit furnished him with several thousand dollars and the means for another whirl at the cups.

The years slide by now in Sullivan's story. When nearly destitute he would brace up for a time and go into vaudeville or burlesque. Then he would tear into the liquor again. On August 31, 1896, he sparred three rounds with Tom Sharkey at a benefit his friends arranged for him.

After The Man From Boston, in which he was successfully starred, had exhausted its possibilities, Sullivan made a living contributing stories over his signature to the newspapers. Then he went out with The True American for a season. He made plenty of money in everything he undertook, but he fell by the wayside too frequently to make his earnings constant.

Occasionally Boston or New York sporting men would stage a benefit for him. And there were still hundreds of men who, remembering

the large sums they had won on his fights for more than a decade, were happy to loan him any amount he asked. It was thus that he accumulated the huge indebtedness for which he was famous during those unhappy years.

But Sullivan's popularity never diminished. Gray and fat, a broken champion who was fulfilling Johnson's sorrowful prophecy that he would become a wreck, the crowd still dogged Sullivan's footsteps and cheered his every appearance. If he escaped from old Arthur Chambers and pulled a free-for-all that nearly wrecked somebody's saloon, the bartenders and the owner were the first to placate the police, or go on John's bail, or pay his fine, and slip him fifty or a hundred to carry him along.

From the spring of 1902 to the winter of 1904-'05 the old ex-champion was a wreck of a man, net and unalloyed! Because of his utter unreliability the booking agents for the cheapest circuits hesitated to give him a job. A few friends, such as Big Tim Sullivan of New York, kept him in eating money.

EARLY in the spring of 1905 John L. put himself under the management of Frank Hall, who did more for him than all his other associates. Hall had owned or managed the Mystic Maze, the Winter Circus, and the Eden Musee and Minstrel Show, three enterprises which prospered in Chicago under his able direction.

Hall and Sullivan entered into a partnership which lasted eight years, during which they averaged annual profits of fifty thousand dollars. They were never idle, playing vaudeville dates in winter and appearing with circuses, fairs, and carnivals during the summer.

At first John contributed the only liability to the association by continuing his debaucheries and missing many performances. Hall decided that such misconduct would wreck a profitable venture, and he had a long talk with his star. Sullivan contritely agreed to cut out the drink, but his reformations, commented on with speculative derision in the daily press, were always brief. Nevertheless, Hall strove mightily, and genuine repentance came at last.

It was the last week in March, 1905. Sullivan had missed four performances that week in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His next stand was Terre Haute, Indiana. The first show went off all right; but at the second Sullivan had to be helped onto the stage, where he mumbled incoherently until the curtain was lowered. Hall put him to bed at their hotel, and it was noon the next day when John arose and started for the bar.

"I went to a table and told the waiter to bring me a bottle of champagne," Sullivan told me nearly ten years later. "While he was chilling it I watched him, and began to think. I never was a tightwad, but it occurred to me that I must have spent a lot of money on liquor. Here is how I figured it out:

"Up to the time I whipped Paddy Ryan for the title I must have made twenty-five thousand dollars in purses and bets on myself. I often bet my end a half dozen times. If I'd lost I simply would have had to work that much harder to pay—but I never lost! I got five thousand dollars for beating Ryan and probably bet that sum four times. That makes another twenty-five thousand dollars. Exhibitions, fights, and bets to the time I whipped Jimmy Elliot brought fifty thousand dollars. That's over one hundred thousand dollars.

"The Tug Wilson bout was worth twenty thousand dollars, and I got at least thirty thousand dollars in the show business until the Charlie Mitchell fight. That added twenty-five thousand dollars in purse and bets. Slade was worth twenty-five thousand dollars, which brings the total to two hundred thousand dollars. I cleaned up one hundred thousand dollars on my saloon in Boston; and the grand knockout tour brought me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That's four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"The Madison Square bouts with Alf Greenfield and Professor John Laflin meant fifty thousand dollars more. I got ten thousand dollars for hammering Paddy Ryan over for half a minute. They paid me ten thousand dollars for the rough house Frank Herald and I staged in Allegheny City. I staked Wakely to a new saloon, and he gave me twenty-five thousand dollars in less than a year just for hanging around the bar to draw trade. In San Francisco I won fifty thousand dollars for stopping Ryan in three rounds, a fifteen-thousand-dollar purse and the rest in winnings. That makes a total of about six hundred thousand dollars.

"When I broke my arm on Patsy Cardiff they slipped me ten thousand dollars for balm. My tour of England put fifty thousand dollars in my pocket; and they handed me twenty thousand dollars in two benefits when I returned. I must have profited to the tune of seventy-five thousand dollars for whipping Jake Kilrain. That makes it around three quarters of a million. Honest Hearts and Willing Hands showed a profit of two hundred thousand dollars, which Duncan B. Harrison and I split fifty-fifty.

"AFTER Corbett beat me, several benefits brought me about twenty-five thousand dollars. Two seasons in The Man From Boston were worth one hundred thousand dollars, and I took thirty thousand dollars out of The True American. All those figures show I received about one million dollars, in round figures.

"Where had it all gone?

"Well, I figured my legitimate living expenses, including the money I sent home, probably cost me two hundred thousand dollars. About fifty thousand dollars, say, went for training expenses; and I lost fifty thousand dollars betting on myself when Corbett defeated me—a fight, by the way, for which I was paid nothing. I probably lost one hundred thousand dollars on cards, roulette, and in the stock market; and I must have given away one hundred thousand dollars. At least, nobody has ever paid me a cent on those loans.

"The other five hundred thousand dollars went to pay for the privilege of being known around saloons as a good fellow! An expensive title, eh?

"Well, sitting there in that little Terre Haute hotel, I decided I didn't regret a dime of it. It was gone, and it was worth it. But was it worth keeping up? What had that good-fellow stuff got me except a lot of hangovers? Acting on an impulse I can't explain, I called the waiter over, stood up, and held out the glass of wine. He looked at it anxiously to see what was wrong.

"'Listen, Jack,' I said to him, 'you're about to see something that you can talk about for the rest of your life. I'm going to pour this wine into that spittoon, and if I ever take another drink as long as I live I hope to God I choke!'

"And I never did, Joe, from that hour to this. Not even a sip of beer. Of course, I haven't even the faintest desire for it now. But I'll tell the world it was a hard fight for a long, long time."

When Sullivan told Hall what he had done his manager burst into tears. And when, convinced that John really had given up drink, Hall announced that Sullivan had taken the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

John L.'s platform presence as a temperance lecturer. The photograph shows his sincerity and directness.

Albert Davis Collection Photo

Katie Harkins, who waited twenty-eight years for John L. to quit fighting and drinking before she would consider being married to him. This photograph was taken shortly after their marriage in 1910.

you and your family can visit the scenic regions of the West at very low cost *this summer*

daily Excursions via the Santa Fe to California Colorado · New Mexico-Arizona Rockies *and the* National Parks

dates of sale

To California, New Mexico and Arizona, May 15 to Sept. 30

To other points June 1 to Sept. 30. Return limit Oct. 31, 1925

Stopovers where and when you please

Fred Harvey serves all the meals - "all the way" *via the* Santa Fe · The Grand Canyon Line

just mail this

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1218 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets: "*California Picture Book*," "*Grand Canyon Outings*," "*California Limited*."
Also details as to cost of trip.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

pledge, they found no trouble getting profitable bookings, and money began to roll in.

The newspapers, still eager for news of John L., thirteen years after he had lost the title, printed the story of Sullivan's reformation, and checked up on it from time to time. Boston papers, of course, are read in Sharon, Massachusetts, and in 1908 an old man appeared in Sullivan's hotel in Buffalo and asked for him. Thinking it was just another curio hunter, John refused to see him.

That night the old chap appeared at the stage door. John still refused to admit him; and it was not until he was leaving the theater that the mysterious ancient was able to grasp Sullivan's arm.

"Mr. Sullivan," he whispered, "I have a note for you. I came all the way from Sharon with it. It's from Katie Harkins."

"Good God!" John exclaimed, trembling as he opened the envelope beneath a street lamp. The note said:

> John: I told you I would wait for you until you quit fighting and drinking. You haven't fought for sixteen years; and you haven't drank for three. The years have been lonely, John; but if you aren't ready yet to come back to me I can still wait on.
>
> KATIE.

John groaned as he leaned against the lamp-post and buried his face in his hands. Then he turned to the aged messenger and said:

"Tell her I'm coming as soon as I can; that her days of waiting are over. And tell her no other woman has ever taken her place in my heart."

NOW, for several years prior to the time Sullivan received the note from Katie, he had seriously contemplated a legal separation from Annie Bates Sullivan, the wife whom he had not seen and had seldom heard of since they parted in 1882.

And, while he had never been conspicuous for adherence to the demands of his creed, he was still a communicant, and he was completely aware of the distress which a divorce would cause thousands of admirers and friends who professed his faith.

Sullivan resolved, therefore, to accomplish his purpose within the church, if possible. He asked the priests of St. Paul's in Roxbury, in which parish his sister lived, to have the marriage annulled. They could no nothing for him. He pleaded so earnestly, and returned so frequently to Roxbury, when his bookings took him to near-by towns, to repeat his requests, that the priests finally asked their superiors if anything could be done. The answer was, "Nothing!"

Notwithstanding, Sullivan determined to cut that invisible link with his past, just as he had discarded drinking. While in Chicago early in 1908 he applied for a divorce, charging desertion. The authorities in Boston were asked to find Mrs. Sullivan and serve her with notice of the suit.

She was found living in a modest cottage on the outskirts of Boston, whither she had retired after she left the stage. She accepted service, made clear her acquiescence in her husband's suit, and was again swallowed up in obscurity, consoled in no small measure by the lump sum she accepted from Sullivan.

JOHN was troubled by the delicate situation in which Katie Harkins would be placed if he now asked her to marry him. They would then both be without the pale of their church. And yet, he reasoned, she must have seen the story of his divorce in the newspapers, since much space had been given to the yarn. The fact that Katie Harkins had sent for him in spite of the knowledge she must have had of his divorce relieved him no little; yet he felt, as the days passed, that she should have a chance to reconsider what her message to him implied—that she was still waiting to marry him. Instead, then, of rushing to Sharon, where Katie lived, as he first planned, Sullivan began a correspondence with her which was to last for nearly two years.

Meanwhile, Hall and Sullivan continued their profitable theatrical engagements, John using every penny he could spare to wipe out the immense indebtedness he had accumulated. When Sullivan's act grew a bit stale, Hall sent for Jake Kilrain and arranged a new sketch, consisting of a monologue by the old ex-champion and a boxing exhibition illustrating the blows exchanged in their famous seventy-five-round contest and ending up with the right hand drive that brought victory to John L.

Their bookings took them to Washington, D. C., a number of times; and Sullivan was under standing orders from President Roosevelt to go to the White House whenever he was in town. President Roosevelt and John L. had been friends for more than twenty years, and the former mentions the fact with pleasure a number of times in his autobiography.

Another year passed, John working hard under Hall's management, still abstaining from drink, and finally clearing up all his debts. And early in 1910 he decided to marry Katie Harkins.

She was waiting for him in a suite in the Parker House in Boston on the morning of February 7, the twenty-eighth anniversary of his defeat of Paddy Ryan for the title. John hurried across the room and clasped her in his arms. Then they stood apart, studying each other.

She saw a stout, gray-haired man who had rounded the half-century milestone, whose face showed the ruddy glow of excellent health, and whose eyes, clear at last of the traces of dissipation, gazed caressingly and wonderingly at the woman who had waited for thirty-two years, twenty-eight of them since he had left her to marry another.

He saw a middle-aged woman whose features bore only a dignified trace of the beauty that had drawn him to the Sharon girl in 1878, but whose patient blue eyes looked up into his with an unquestioning love and a fidelity before which he humbly bowed his head.

The other members of the party came in; and, standing with hands clasped and heads erect in spite of the knowledge that this step removed them outside the boundaries of their church, Sullivan and the sweetheart of his youth were married by Frederick Ingalls, justice of the peace and clerk of the Municipal Court. A wedding breakfast followed in the apartment; and then John and his wife, the Halls and Kilrain hastened aboard the liner Ivernia, which sailed for Southampton the next morning.

JAKE and Sullivan appeared in the leading theaters of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and their act was popular. While they were in Edinburgh the New York *Times* cabled Sullivan an offer of five thousand dollars and all expenses to cover the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, Nevada, on July 4, 1910. Hall canceled the remaining contracts abroad, they returned to America, and departed at once for Reno. After he had watched Johnson in his workouts and had studied Jeffries in action, Sullivan startled the country by announcing in his dispatches that the white man didn't have a ghost of a chance. This prophecy infuriated Jeff; and Corbett, in charge of his camp, quick as ever to resent any disagreement with his views, barred John L. from Jeffries' quarters. The old enemies nearly came to blows over this, but Bob Edgren persuaded Corbett he was wrong in closing the gate to the *Times's* representative.

Corbett and Sullivan shook hands just before the battle in a general reconciliation that included Fitzsimmons and Tommy Burns, from whom Johnson had won the title in Australia.

The curtain on John L. Sullivan's life will fall with the twelfth and final installment, to appear in next week's issue. This installment will include the story of Sullivan's happy life with Katie Harkins Sullivan on a little farm; Katie's death; of his World War service, and of his unexpected death on February 2, 1918.

Reflections of a BASEBALL Pitcher's WIFE

The True Story of a Human Shock Absorber—How a Feminine "Fan" Guards Her Famous Husband's Peace of Mind

By

HAZEL LEE JOHNSON

(MRS. WALTER JOHNSON)

MRS. WALTER JOHNSON and her children.

WALTER JOHNSON, "The Big Smoke" of baseball, has two managers, but the real director extraordinary is Mrs. Johnson, the author of this article. The other manager is Stanley Harris, leader of the world champion Senators.

Mrs. Johnson was Hazel Lee Roberts, daughter of Congressman E. E. Roberts of Nevada, afterward mayor of Reno, and one of the prominent men of the West. As a young woman Mrs. Johnson was one of the beauties of Washington's younger set, and her marriage to the star pitcher of the American League was a notable social event.

SOMETIMES I wonder if other women get as much enjoyment out of their husbands' professions as I. Perhaps Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Butcher and Mrs. Plumber get as many thrills out of hot rolls, dead cows, and broken faucets, respectively, as I do out of baseball. Perhaps they, too, know Romance and High Adventure.

I hope so, but I wouldn't take a chance and trade places. For being the wife of a professional baseball star is eventful, to say the least. It is strenuous, and not to be recommended for fat women who like their cream puffs and daily naps. There is something doing every minute. However, I am not authorized to speak for the Amalgamated Union of Baseball Wives, and my remarks are unofficial.

I don't want to scare any ambitious girls who might have designs on some of our heroes. It does look, though, as if someone had passed the word along that there were easier jobs than being a baseball wife. Else how account for the startling and sad fact that the bachelors outnumber the benedicts about three to one on our own world champion Washington club? It seems neither right nor reasonable!

There is Manager Stanley Harris himself, surely an eligible if there ever was one. Young and good looking and agreeable, with a salary that must make the Secretary of State wish he had taken up baseball instead of politics. And Goose Goslin, who dances like a professional and drives a spiffy car. There's Muddy Ruel, who started the fireworks in that hectic last game of the World Series, with black hair that would shame Valentino. It is an honest to goodness fact that poor Muddy has been vainly seeking the girl of his dreams for several years. Then there is Curley Ogden! Talk about soulful brown eyes! But I am getting away from my subject, and anyhow Walter might take a notion to read Liberty this week.

I wish that I might take some credit to myself for having helped "make" Walter. But I can't. He was a finished product, and a bright and shining star when we were married. It is a satisfaction to me, however, that he is still playing good ball when ninety-nine out of a hundred men his age are through.

I suppose I had better start at the beginning. Well, Walter Perry Johnson and I were married at 8 P. M. on the twenty-fourth of June, A. D. 1914, in Washington, D. C. That will be eleven years this summer, and during those eleven years I have never intentionally missed a ball game in which Walter pitched at Washington, and I have seen many games away from home, too.

IT has not always been easy to attend the games. Many times I have had to carry one of my babies with me, and nearly always I have had to make strenuous preparations in the forenoon so that I might play hookey from my youngsters that afternoon. But somehow I have managed to go.

I can't say why, but I love baseball, and when someone other than Walter is pitching I relax and enjoy every minute of it. But I actually suffer during Walter's games, and am physically exhausted afterward. (Let me add that I went through a little Gethsemane all my own during the World Series last October.)

Many times when there have been a couple of men on and nobody out, and the air pregnant with anxiety, I have asked myself why, oh, why, I had not stayed home in the first place. Why did I risk a new gray hair? Why didn't I get up and leave before that scowling creature at the bat slammed out a double or

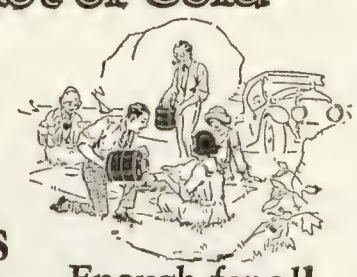
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Aladdin PATENTED Thermalware Jar

Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold

Holds a Gallon

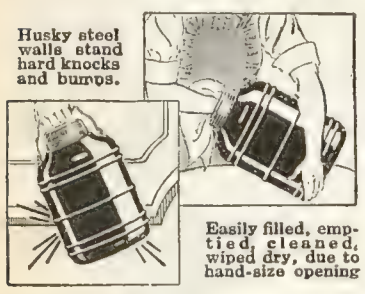
Sanitary Glass Stopper



Enough for all —for all day!

On tours, picnics or vacations —take along an Aladdin!

But be certain it's a *genuine* Aladdin—the original, largest selling and recognized best. Decline imitations. Only genuine Aladdins are rustproof, wearproof, leakproof, *permanently* sanitary and *permanently* efficient in keeping food or liquids hot or cold for *more* hours. Never become "musty". Stoppers of silvered glass —*sanitary!* Patent neck-seal forever prevents insanitary seepage into insulation.



Husky steel walls stand hard knocks and bumps.

Easily filled, emptied, cleaned, wiped dry, due to hand-size opening

Green enameled, steel jacketed Aladdin Jar with nonporous, porcelain-like inner, gallon size, $5.00. Polished aluminum glass-lined "De Luxe" models: Gallon, $8.50 2-quart, $7.50. All jars 50c more in far west.

Dealers everywhere or send for booklet

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc.
609 W. Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

7% Bonds

—So basically safe that one of the strongest Surety Companies in America will guarantee them if you desire.

To the man who is getting less than he should from his invested dollars

YOU worked pretty hard for those dollars, didn't you? Are they working as hard for you? Are they earning only 4% or 5% when they could just as well be earning 6½% to 7%?

It is not a question of sacrificing one iota of safety. Adair Protected First Mortgage Bonds are so well secured and so perfectly safe-guarded through the knowledge of 60 years' experience without a single loss, that one of the strongest Surety Companies in America will give you an absolute guarantee that principal and interest will be paid. With the guarantee, the bonds yield 6½%. That's a better return than most unguaranteed investments offer.

The very fact that such a guarantee may be obtained is one reason why most investors prefer to purchase the bonds without the guarantee and receive the full yield of 7%.

Make your dollars work as hard for you as you worked for them. The coupon will bring full information together with free booklet, "What You Should Know About Real Estate Bonds", written by one of the Nation's greatest authorities on real estate. *Mail it now.*

Denominations: $1000, $500 and $100 Serial Maturities

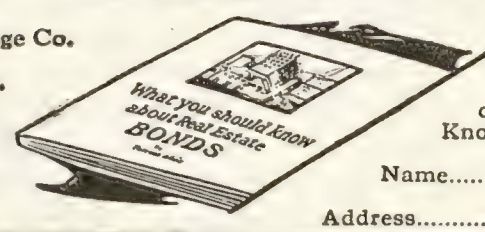
Adair Realty & Trust Company

The South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House

Founded 1865 ATLANTA
Packard Building, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK
Adair Realty & Mortgage Co.
Incorporated
270 Madison Ave.

Ownership identical with Adair Realty & Trust Company.



Adair Realty & Trust Co., Dept. L-5 Atlanta.

Gentlemen:—Kindly send me full information about Adair Protected Bonds and free copy of booklet, "What You Should Know About Real Estate Bonds."

Name.....

Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

something worse? But I'm glad to say I have never been a quitter. In fact, I must confess to loving my husband just a little more in defeat than in victory. Which may not be logical, but is surely feminine.

There are numerous responsibilities attached to being a baseball wife. Foremost, of course, is the responsibility of keeping your husband in good condition physically.

Not that I, for instance, count out Walter's calories, and put him through "setting up exercises"! I am afraid I would long since have lost my "job" had I attempted any such obvious tactics. For Walter thinks he is perfectly capable of taking care of himself. Of course, I know better, and he is the biggest baby I have. But as long as he doesn't know the difference it is all right with me.

I HAVE a few simple rules that I gently but firmly apply to the gentleman in question. Walter is a big man, being six feet one and weighing around two hundred. He is a hearty eater. When left to his own devices he is apt to put away many pork sausages, surrounded by buckwheat cakes, for instance, and not infrequently treats himself to a corned beef and cabbage repast, topped with a couple of pieces of mince pie, for dinner.

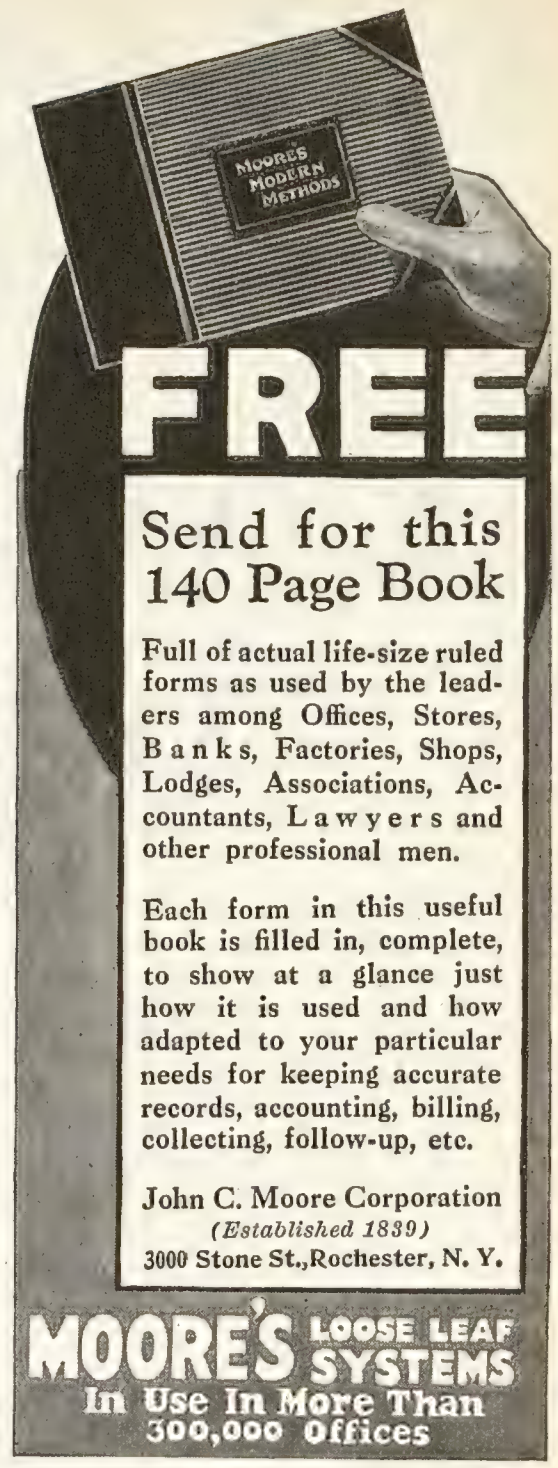
I don't mind his indulging these plebeian tastes in the winter time. Life is short, and I hold no brief for people who try to live others' lives for them, and dictate their appetites, but during the baseball season I see to it that Walter eats a simple diet. Plenty of fruits and vegetables, and a good steak or broiled chops once a day. But I turn thumbs down on the roast pork and the pickled pigs' feet and plum puddings, and similar dainties.

I don't believe any man can do himself justice on the ball field if he has an overworked and weary digestive tract. Walter never eats lunch. Unless you want to call ice cream lunch. Several hours before game time he generally has a quart or so of ice cream. With him ice cream is a grand passion, and the boys on the club tease him a great deal about it.

Another thing I insist upon is that Walter have a room to himself and plenty of rest. He always sleeps several hours later in the morning than the rest of us. We live quietly and we rarely accept an invitation out the night before he is going to pitch.

These things may seem unnecessary and foolish. I will admit having known cases where a fellow would play a particularly brilliant game of ball after having been out all night on a "party." But I think Walter would not be playing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



FREE

Send for this 140 Page Book

Full of actual life-size ruled forms as used by the leaders among Offices, Stores, Banks, Factories, Shops, Lodges, Associations, Accountants, Lawyers and other professional men.

Each form in this useful book is filled in, complete, to show at a glance just how it is used and how adapted to your particular needs for keeping accurate records, accounting, billing, collecting, follow-up, etc.

John C. Moore Corporation
(Established 1839)
3000 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS
In Use In More Than 300,000 Offices

FRECKLES

Don't hide them with a Veil; Remove them with Othine—Double Strength.

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back proposition.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

baseball in the big time today, after eighteen grilling years, if he had not conserved his strength by having plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room. He is now in his nineteenth year in the majors.

Next to physical fitness, or possibly it should have come first, is mental fitness, or peace of mind. We have had five children, four of whom are living, and it has been inevitable that there should be family illnesses and parental worries. But he has never had to "walk the floor" with any of the children, though they have wailed more than once.

When Walter is on the road, which, translated, means when the team is playing on foreign fields, he never knows that Eddie fell off the garage, or that the dog bit Walter, Jr.'s ear, or other such exciting events of the day. I have always felt that a cheerful letter from home just before going to the ball park *ought* to help. And I have gone to considerable length to preserve this illusion.

Last spring, just after Walter went to training camp in Florida, all four youngsters proceeded to become ill. First the chicken pox, and after a week's intermission the measles. Altogether it was a lively month. It was not particularly easy to write a blithe and chatty letter every day, discoursing on the weather, and inventing clever remarks the children had made, when the extent of their conversation usually was "I wanta drink of water" and "Oh, mother, I itch!"

BUT I got away with it, and Walter told the world that "the kids were all fine out in Nevada." He didn't know the difference till we rejoined him in Washington. He had scarcely stepped from the train when Eddie shouted, "Oh, daddy, we all had the chicken pox and measles, but I had 'em the biggest."

I felt repaid for my little conspiracy of silence, because Walter was in such splendid condition and proceeded to have the second best year of his entire career. He had the honor of being voted the most valuable player in his league, and helped pitch his team to a pennant.

Acting as secretary is the duty I like best. The fan mail has always been a source of delight to me. For many years Walter has received considerable mail, mostly from boys twelve to eighteen years old, asking for his autograph and seeking advice as to how to become a "great pitcher." But last summer, after Washington began to make a serious bid for the pennant, the volume of mail became tremendous.

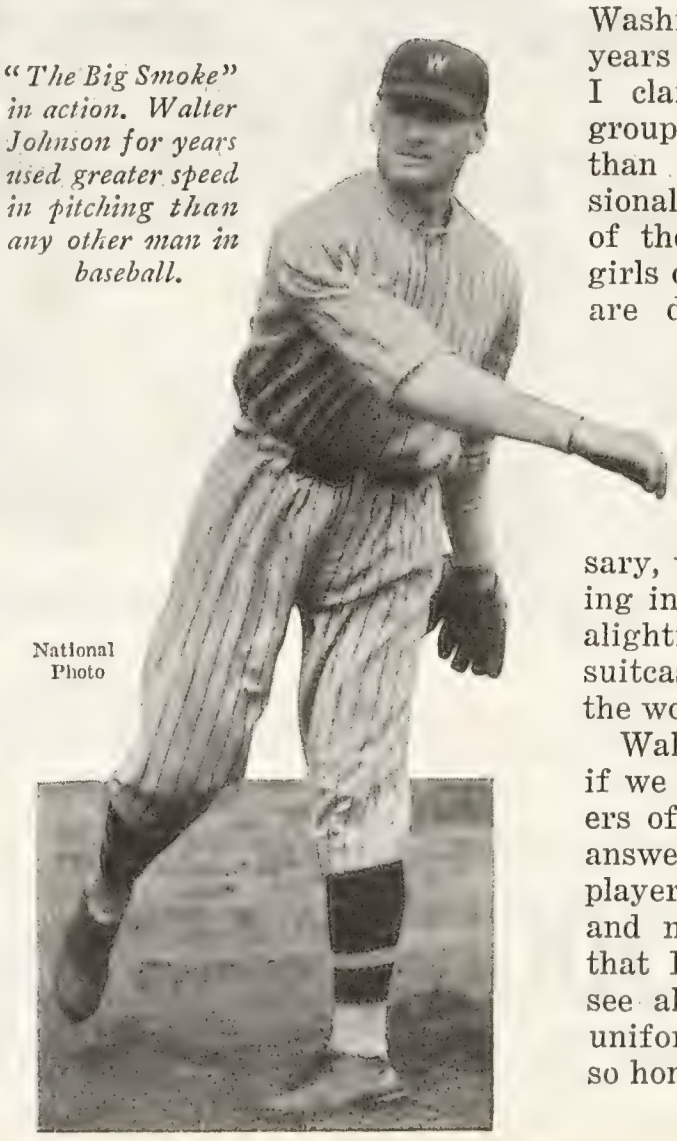
We were still opening letters of congratulation a month after the shouts of victory had died away. I loathe arithmetic, but I counted five hundred and ninety-three letters, all asking for an autographed baseball which had been used in the World Series! Letters came from Australia, Italy, Japan, Hawaii, France, and England, and several thousand from Canada, Cuba, and Mexico.

Walter received hundreds of telegrams after the series. I sorted them out and found all States in the Union were represented except two. Which two would you guess? I should have named two New England States had the question been put to me. People up there have the reputation of being conservative and not given to reckless expenditures. But alas! the two States were from our own beloved West—Washington and Utah.

I have kept scrapbooks concerning Walter's career ever since we were married. All of my friends know my weakness for "clippings." Well, by the time these well-meaning friends of mine, and many more well-meaning friends of Walter's, and several thousand more friendly fans had contributed their bit in the form of a few newspapers, believe me, I was fixed for life. I expect to still be trimming and pasting clippings in 1950 if my eyes don't rebel.

There are numerous other requirements for a baseball wife. She must know how to pack, and to discard nonessentials. For few ball players live the year round in the town where they play. So she has to move at least twice a year, and sometimes much oftener. She must learn early that a baseball wife must be seen but not heard. For there is no profession where women can do more harm by careless gossip and meddling in their husbands' affairs. If Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones are watching a baseball game together, and Mrs. Brown in the heat of the fray inadvertently remarks that Jimmy Jones should be shot at sunrise for making that error when Mrs. Brown's poor, dear Billy is pitching his head off to win—well, it just isn't done in good baseball circles.

"The Big Smoke" in action. Walter Johnson for years used greater speed in pitching than any other man in baseball.



National Photo

But being a baseball wife has its compensations. For my own part, I love it all. The game itself, with its uncertainties, is an ever-shifting drama to me. The ball park, and the cool, green diamond. The shrill cries of "Peanuts, cracker-jack, and sco' cards!" The fans in their shirtsleeves, indulging in soda pop. Your life is never dull. If you are inclined to pessimism you can enjoy yourself worrying about train wrecks when the team is away—about a batted ball hitting friend husband right in the middle of the forehead—about spiked shoes cutting him up into baby ribbons. Oh, there are boundless fields for enjoyment that way!

THEN there is the financial aspect. Most professional ball players receive good salaries. But it is only the highly paid stars who are able to save very much. Maintaining two homes in different parts of the country, and defraying traveling expenses for a family help to cut into the savings account.

One's life is broadened by the constant travel, and you are always meeting new, and frequently interesting, people. If your husband is a star you are presented with everything from fresh fish to limousines.

It has been my observation that baseball marriages are unusually happy. I cannot recall a single divorce having taken place on the Washington club during the many years of our connection with it. I claim that no finer, cleaner group of men can be found today than on the roster of a professional baseball club. The wives of these men are nearly always girls of charm and education, who are devoted to their husbands. The frequent enforced separations may be a factor in this devotion. For you are ready to kill your own fatted calf, and the neighbor's, too, if necessary, when you see the train pulling into the station, and your lad alighting with his battered old suitcase, and the dearest grin in the world.

Walter and I are so often asked if we intend "making" ball players of our boys. Time alone can answer that. I believe a real ball player, like a real poet, is born and not made. But I may say that I would be proud indeed to see all three of my sons in the uniform their father has worn so honorably these eighteen years.

THE END

What is Opportunity?

Nothing more or less than your being financially prepared to take advantage of conditions.

Your employer feels that young blood is needed in the firm. He asks you to buy in. If you have the money saved, that is opportunity.

A man builds a fine home. For some reason he must sell it at a bargain. If you have the cash, that is opportunity. Simple, isn't it? Our plan for your financial preparation is equally simple. Shall we tell you about it? Just send your name to any of the addresses listed below. No obligation.

FIDELITY
BOND & MORTGAGE CO.
Incorporated 1913
654 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis
374-166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
455 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver
Fidelity Guarantees Every Bond
H937

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet, or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets,* which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
1969 General Motors Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

$1,000.00 for a title to this Cover!

See Next Week's Liberty

WEEK ENDING JUNE 6 1925

5¢ **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

This is the cover of next week's **Liberty**. *It is unnamed.*

Liberty *will pay* $1,000.00 *– in cash for a title*

to this cover. For Rules and Full Particulars See Next Week's **Liberty**

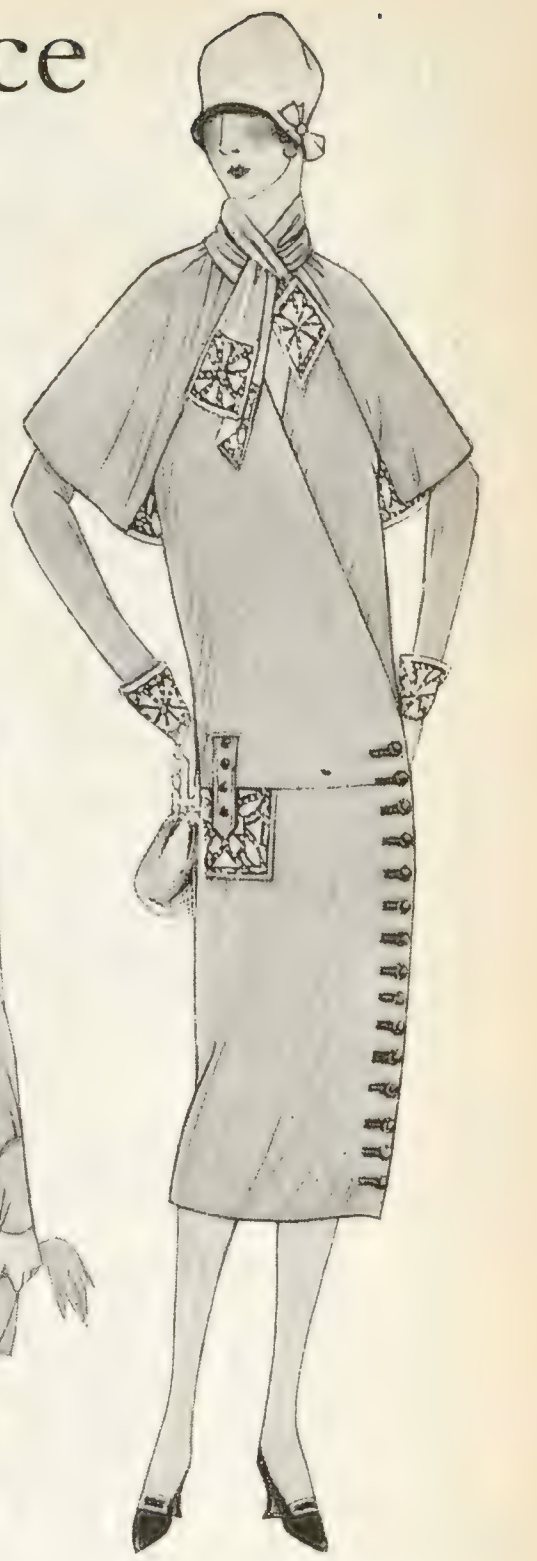
Lines *Take* Precedence *in* Season's Modes

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

EVENING dress with diagonal lines at waist and neck. The dress is of pale yellow chiffon and the cape of orange red taffeta. Big "choux" or cabbages form the trimming.

SPORTS dress of lemon yellow wool in one piece and plaited. It is held in place by a "waistcoat band." Its so-called seamless coat has trimmings at the cuffs.

COSTUME of plaited kasha. The skirt has four inverted plaits in it. The jumper is of light tan, with hat and wash leather gloves to match.



COAT of pink alpaca, garnished with patterned silk in cinnamon brown and pink. The little cape is Directoire in feeling and is removable.

YOU might describe the first dress as trimmed in cabbages. The French say it is garnished in *choux,* and this means the same thing, except that it sounds more classy. They are wine red *choux,* the color the outside leaves sometimes get in real life when they ripen, and they are in taffeta silk, the same as the outside of the wrap.

The costume descends in shading through all the colors of the nasturtium down to pale yellow, which is the delicate tint of the airy chiffon dress and the lining of the cape. But always the line is the thing to take precedence over all else, and in those slanting neck and waist lines you see one of the season's marks of the house of Callot. Invariably it is accompanied by the front flare of the skirt.

But why waste space on anything but sports clothes when that is all anybody seems to wear? Of course they can't go around in those things with any assurance unless they have a wardrobe full of other clothes, and this must be what has become of all of those gently feminine dresses which lined the shops but yesterday. They are filed away in Southampton closets, even as far north as Newport.

I can remember when I, in my watch tower at St. Moritz one winter, broadcast to friends this news of the coming of the sports costume. One could see it approaching from afar, and even then the forebears of the little dress in the second sketch were showing. The young person who wears it calls that horizontal bar across the front of it her waistcoat band, if you please. Anyway, this article with the masculine name, and, in addition, the very high, semi-masculine collar, are all that hold the soft, finely plaited, feminine-looking dress in place. However, this is more than Paris was using last autumn as a security that one's costume would rest in the neighborhood of one's person.

The dress is in one piece and is of pale yellow wool. The jacket is of darker brown, and there is a seam in it. The name is the "seamless jacket."

The sleeves are longer and tighter than ever, and a feature is the little rudders at the cuffs. I've seen hats trimmed in these same rudders in felt, usually on the sides, but once they appeared front and back, as on a ferry-boat, which wears them thus so that it doesn't have to bother about turning around.

It's a sports pin and not a monogram that very inconspicuously decorates the crosspiece in the bodice of the next costume, and you can almost figure out from this sketch taken in connection with the one previous that this crosspiece is an item of sports bodices.

It doesn't take a very large number of sports dresses this year to keep yourself going. Peggy Hoyt was telling me the other afternoon how to keep myself amply equipped even for Southampton.

First, I was to get a loosely woven coat, and it was to be in two colors. It was to hang carelessly from the shoulders. Two advisable colors are mauve, or lavender, and peach pink. The latter shall be the lining and shall not appear on the outside of wrap. But there shall be a band of fur round the mauve, and it can be in anything from gray hare to whatever is quoted in the market as most expensive. It shall go not very far below the hips, and shall have two openings in the seam that holds it. These openings shall be lined with silk, and you shall plunge your hands into them. The band ought to go low enough so that one's elbows do not bend when the hands are thus placed.

A very chic idea that, of having for pockets a slit in the seam that holds the fur round the lower-middle of the garment. Of course, the coat ought to be a good twelve inches from the ground.

After accomplishing this coat I was to get two sports dresses, one in peach pink and one in lavender, and two hats to match. And with these I had the promise of being all set for any fate or fete for the summer up to and including a lawn tea party.

The accompanying coat does not quite follow the lines of the one suggested, but I think it so awfully smart, with its little Directoire cape which is detachable, thus giving you something that is separate, for cool moments now and then.

Stylish Vacation Dresses Easily Made *at* Home

By PATRICIA

THE pre-eminence of chiffon or georgette as a fabric for the summer, whether used in an afternoon frock, as a long coat, or even on a hat, is making itself evident even this early in the season. Just picture yourself in a charming frock of georgette, with perhaps a hat and scarf to match. A crepe de Chine frock would be nice for more general wear, with perhaps a linen, cotton voile, or rep for marketing and porch wear. Surely you will include at least one of these designs in your wardrobe for your vacation or week-end trips. These frocks can easily be made at home with the aid of these patterns.

For simplicity's sake, embellishments are few, but beautiful fabrics which require no adornment are many, as shown in pattern No. 2396, of printed georgette. Printed silk, flowered organdie, crepe de Chine, or voile would also be suitable materials. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 40-inch material are required.

A dainty little afternoon or school dress is designed in pattern No. 2077 and would be adorable in prints, cotton broadcloth, or novelty materials in the bright colors that children like—blue, green, rose, tangerine, or yellow. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8-year size, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material are required.

A practical afternoon frock, introducing an interesting style note in the circular fullness of its lower section, is interpreted in blonde satin, with neckline correspondingly demure. Flat crepe, crepe meteor, crepe faille, or georgette are also suitable materials for this design. Pattern No. 2346 cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 36-inch material with ⅞ yard of 27-inch contrasting material are required.

Design No. 2309 is effectively worked out in printed silk with bands of plain colored georgette adorning the skirt and collar, and tiny metal buttons down the front as trimming. Flat crepe, crepe meteor, georgette, or linen would also be suitable for this design. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting material are required.

A new expression is given to a jumper dress with a bodice effect and full skirt. Brilliant reds and blues predominate in the fabric which interprets the frock pictured in pattern No. 2418—the blouse is of scarlet silk crepe. Satin, crepe faille, georgette, crepe de Chine, or cotton rep would also be attractive for this style. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 36-inch material with 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material for blouse are required.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number Size Price

.....

.....

.....

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY.....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

YOUR LAST CHANCE *to Enter LIBERTY'S Most Amusing Contest*

$500 a Week for Limericks

Open to Everybody, Everywhere!

Well, folks, here's your last chance to get aboard Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express. Casey Jones's going to put his ol' enjine in the roundhouse. No more new Limericks will be published. Announcement of the winners of previous contests will be made from week to week in Liberty, as heretofore, until all have been announced. It's certainly been fun! More than 2,750,000 last lines will have been submitted when the contest ends. Toot! Toot!

For the Five Best Lines

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

First	*Second*	*Third*	*Fourth*	*Fifth*
$250	$100	$75	$50	$25

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. For the best last line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All last lines for this week's contest must reach us not later than *midnight*, June 6.

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

The curtain went up on the show,
The heroine's cheeks were aglow,
When the hero, named Jack,
Chanced to step on a tack

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY .....STATE.....

(Issue of May 30)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of April 25. The Limerick read as follows:

Two lovers 'neath spring's starry skies,
Love's ties vowed anew with their sighs.
He gave her a ring
A June wedding to bring

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

First Prize, $250—*There's a "knot" in this "yarn," I surmise.*
Written by M. H. SCHONTZ, Auditor's Office, Pennsylvania R. R. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize, $100—*"Which June?" said the maid; she was wise.*
Written by J. H. KAPLAN, 982 Leggett Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

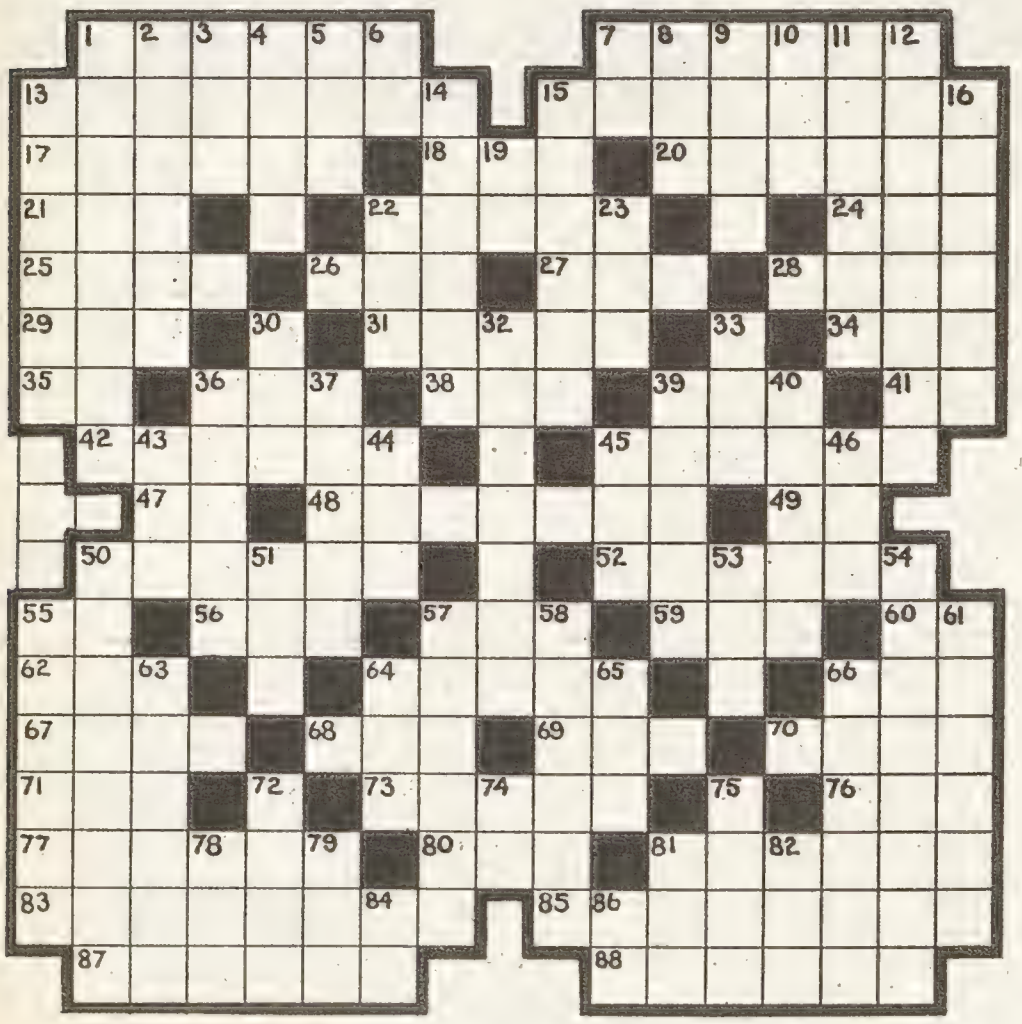
Third Prize, $75—*But the stone had no "weight" in her eyes.*
Written by KATE SMITH, 65 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass.

Fourth Prize, $50—*And thus to the "h-altar" he flies!*
Written by MARY E. HACKNEY, 816 Kinnaird Avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fifth Prize, $25—*He'll "ring off" mighty quick if he's wise.*
Written by KATHLEEN CARLING, 841 Partland Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

LIBERTY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 30

This is the last of the Liberty cross-word puzzles. Next week we have a new amusement for you: a series of quizzes that will show you just how smart you are. If you were in the army you may scent a resemblance to the famous army tests in this new sport we call MEASURING YOUR MIND. Be sure you look for the solution to this last cross-word puzzle in next week's Liberty, and don't miss the whizz-bang beginning of what's going to be the craze of 1925.



HORIZONTAL

1 To correct or change
7 Bewail
13 Legislators
15 Sent or directed for information
17 Part of a typewriting machine
18 Consumed
20 Seesaw
21 A male sheep
22 Panegyrical funeral oration
24 Mountain near the site of ancient Troy
25 Minute particle
26 A large Australian bird
27 An inlet from the sea
28 Thwart
29 Rocky pinnacle
31 Having lost spirit and flavor
34 Cease to partake of existence
35 The elder (abbr.)
36 Hovel
38 The evening before an important day
39 Form of "to be"
41 A province of Canada (init.)
42 Auto accessories (slang)
45 Loathing
47 A measure of area
48 Squirted
49 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
50 Animosity
52 Restores to freshness
55 Chemical abbreviation for tin
56 An inclosure
57 Political radical
59 Answered the purpose
60 For example
62 Past
64 Young man in training for military or naval service
66 Entire individual considered as union of soul and body
67 A bird
68 A flying mammal
69 Uncooked
70 Ramifications (biology)
71 Turkish title of respect
73 Protein in the castor-oil bean
76 Japanese coin
77 The aforesaid thing (plural)
80 The land east of Eden to which Cain fled
81 Beating or scraping with the forefoot
83 Prying into the affairs of others
85 Constituent parts of anything
87 A European nation
88 Orang-utans

VERTICAL

1 Narrators
2 Inflame with love
3 A large receptacle for liquid
4 Separate particular in an enumeration
5 Descendant
6 Erbium (chemical abbr.)
7 Exist
8 A newt
9 Mild of temper
10 Metal-bearing mass
11 One of a suborder of ungulate mammals
12 Sewing with a needle
13 Small European herrings
14 Hail
15 To fare sumptuously
16 Males of any kind of duck
19 Toward
22 Printer's measures
23 Prior
30 Skin of certain animals
32 Warded off
33 Greasy
36 Hurts
37 Petulant
39 Walked in or through water
40 Procreated
43 A cooking vessel
44 To seek information clandestinely
45 Possessive pronoun
46 Recent; fresh
50 Encountering
51 Belonging to that thing
53 Immature insect
54 Sections
55 Food prepared with a dressing and served cold (plural)
57 Classification according to grade
58 Mock
61 Condition of the ground for purpose of traveling (plural)
63 One who is eloquent
64 Vehicle
65 Japanese measure of area
66 Comforting
72 Desire accompanied with expectation
74 A business organization (abbr.)
75 Tibetan monk
78 The forepart of the foot
79 Word inserted to indicate a literal quotation
81 By: in place of
82 Cyst
84 Point of the compass
86 Exclamation

D	E	R	I	S	I	O	N	■	S	C	H	E	M	E	R	S
E	L	E	M	E	N	T	■	F	O	R	■	M	E	R	I	T
L	I	S	P	■	S	I	M	I	L	A	R	■	N	A	V	E
A	T	T	■	A	■	C	I	T	I	Z	E	N	■	S	I	R
Y	E	■	S	L	Y	■	D	■	D	E	C	A	Y	■	E	N
I	■	T	E	L	E	G	A	S	■	D	A	Y	■	A	R	E
N	A	R	R	O	W	■	S	O	Y	■	N	■	A	L	A	S
G	R	A	V	Y	■	P	■	P	■	S	T	R	U	T	■	T
■	A	N	A	■	P	A	N	■	W	A	S	■	D	E	W	■
K	■	S	N	O	O	P	■	M	■	G	■	W	I	R	E	S
E	M	I	T	■	L	■	T	A	B	■	L	A	T	E	N	T
R	E	T	■	O	L	D	■	D	E	M	I	G	O	D	■	E
O	R	■	P	R	E	E	N	■	V	■	P	E	R	■	B	E
S	I	N	■	E	N	C	A	S	E	D	■	S	■	F	A	R
E	D	I	T	■	S	A	M	P	L	E	D	■	D	I	K	E
N	E	G	U	S	■	D	E	Y	■	M	A	R	I	N	E	R
E	N	H	A	N	C	E	D	■	F	I	N	E	N	E	S	S

Answer to Puzzle No. 29

Boris *Buys a* ROSE

A Short Story of a Prince's Love Affair

By Samuel Spewack

Picture by RAYMOND SISLEY

Boris knelt and kissed the Prince's hands,

I.

TWO hours each day Boris stood thus—head upon hand, arm upon counter—watching the constant gutter crowds through the windows of his restaurant.

In Russia it had been so different. There, one saw poverty, but not such. And there was splendor one could not see here; splendor Boris symbolized in stately equipages and imperious occupants.

But the revolution had come, and all this had been wrenched from its roots and scattered to rust in strange lands. All he held dear was gone. His Prince was—the good Lord only knew where (bless him), and his priests.

Boris sighed and swore meaninglessly, as a man will in a hot, dusty mid-afternoon sun. He hated his restaurant, hated East Fourth Street, hated the America they signified. In Russia there was life for you. He had been valet to Prince Alexis, an amiable, an insignificant nobleman—but not to Boris. A Prince was—a Prince, and Boris had asked for nothing more. His was the caste which makes caste.

But here—this ceaseless noise, this rough jostling of soulless men, this big New York City. This eat-by-yourself quick-lunch which afforded him his living. All men were equal in discourtesy. This never-ceasing rattling of plates, and chaffing of Gertie, his waitress. It was as if people found nothing more pleasurable than to step on each other's corns.

He had often talked of this with Gertie. She agreed with him. She listened admirably, and her contribution to the discussions was a series of "Yea—yea—ain't that so?" Gertie was smart, quiet, not like the rest. Boris liked her.

Not that there was romance. Theirs was but the intimacy of those thrown in contact for eight or more busy hours each day. Boris knew, as any man would, that Gertie was attractive. She was tall, firmly slender, with black-lashed blue eyes, well modeled nose and chin, and smoothly parted lips. But he would not think of telling her so. For there was no romance, and where there was no romance a man did not dote on the details of a woman's beauty. Boris, you see, had a creed for all things.

And Gertie? The answer is but another question. Seemingly, Gertie was content to work and eat and sleep, and go to the movies, and listen to Boris. Gertie also read novels—paper-backs. There are more stray facts about her which I have gathered. She told a girl who worked at waists, a particular friend, she would never marry a man without i-deals. Gertie placed heavy emphasis on the first syllable. Oh, yes, and once, when Boris had told her (during one of the slack afternoons) that he had nothing to live for, that the restaurant might burn and he wouldn't collect the insurance, she walked back to the deserted kitchen and cried for fully ten minutes.

But, as I have said, there was no romance. Boris was too full of his Prince for that.

GERTIE plucked Boris's coat sleeve. He looked up.

"That man's been lookin' and lookin'." She pointed an index finger at the door.

At the door, peering in hesitatingly, stood a thin-faced youth. Silk shirt streaked; patent leather shoes yellow with dust; in his hands frayed suede gloves. Through it all an attempt at a sickly swagger. He was, unmistakably, the fallen aristocrat.

Boris opened his mouth but did not speak. He became red, and his skin quivered in excitement. He lunged forward and seized the cold, drooping hands of the youth.

imploring him to come home, while ragged little boys booed.

"Your highness, your highness," he uttered finally.

The youth smiled slightly, wetting his lips. He was hungry. Boris tugged at the hands and bent down to kiss them. Gertie stared.

"Come, your highness, come. I am stricken dumb. A thousand pardons that you must come here, but"—Boris bowed as a trained servant—"will you do me the honor—the honor——"

Boris led him to a marble-topped table. He bowed—from the waist, and the Prince, whose first impulse was to slump in his chair, seated himself with something of haughtiness and precision instead.

"A moment, your highness, a moment," pleaded Boris, and panted to the kitchen. Gertie followed him.

"My Prince, Gertie, my Prince!" he shouted in explanation. "Get table clot', napkins, good knife, ever'tin' fine, special, hunderstan'?"

Gertie nodded, her eyes betraying quickened curiosity. A Prince!

Boris conferred with the cook.

"A steak, fresh—onions, celery, caviare—buy in grocery—bottle seltzer, tea, fresh bread. Make good. My Prince is here."

He hurried back. The Prince's head nodded disconsolately over the slab of marble. He was too weak to think, to congratulate himself on having found Boris, his Boris, during a melancholy tour of the Ghetto.

THE Prince had eaten nothing but dry bread for two days. The revolution had sent him to Paris. Poverty had brought him to America. He found old friends, but they were strangely cold. He had no money, he could not find the work befitting him. So he ate dry bread and wandered through the streets. And here was Boris! Good old Boris!

Really, the Prince confided to himself as Boris drew near, this was luck. In the old days the Prince felt contempt for Boris. Faithful, yes, but unutterably stupid. Now, as hunger battled condescension, the Prince smiled graciously at his former valet.

"Soon, your highness, dinner will be served," Boris announced. This was the servant. Then he whispered, "And how, if a humble servant may ask, have things fared with you here in America?" Boris had not failed to observe pityingly the condition of the Prince's dress.

"Ah," mumbled the Prince, sipping the water from the thick tumbler, "not happily, Boris, not happily. The revolution!"

"Yes, the revolution, the devils! Everything ruined. No home—America. May they be accursed."

"But I see that you," the Prince continued, "have not fared so badly."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

"Your highness! You speak of me, here? I have enough to eat, but here is nothing, nothing. There is no life, not the life of Russia. But"—Boris shrugged his shoulders—"better times will come. Your highness has an appetite?"

"Yes, Boris, I have an appetite."

"A steak, perhaps, and caviare, and vichy, no?"

"Very well, Boris."

Gertie came with the celery. The Prince looked up and smiled. Gertie lowered her eyes. A Prince. He was handsome, if a little dirty, and a Prince. Boris hovered over the table rubbing his hands. The Prince waited, knife and fork delicately poised. From the kitchen came sounds and smells of frying meat.

II.

STRENUOUS days for Boris. He took the Prince to the barber shop, the men's furnishing, the clothing store; found him a furnished room (front) far superior to his own. Quite as a matter of course the two resumed the relationship of other days. The Prince appeared three times each day at the restaurant at hours when the usual patrons were not about. He read a good deal in his room and took frequent walks. Occasionally he talked to Boris of Russia and the counter-revolution.

"In two years," said the Prince, "we shall be back in Yekaterinislav, and you shall be my steward." He waved the smoking cigarette between two dainty fingers. "In two years Russia will be the same Russia, and I shall be colonel of the regiment."

Boris breathed ecstasy. Not for him to question, to seek details.

So weeks passed, and a month. Boris slipped into the routine. But not the Prince. You could hardly expect that of a gently nurtured youth, thrust upon East Fourth Street. Without money he could not be entertained, and without entertainment life to the Prince was hardly worth the struggle. He came of a long line of swashbuckling weaklings and fops. He was not to blame. Gertie was.

The obvious explanation would be—for Gertie—too many paper-backs. But she should never have shown him her bank book. That, on East Fourth Street, constituted in itself treasured intimacy. But again I must draw upon stray facts in sequence.

One morning when Boris was about his duties outside the store the Prince took it upon himself to inform Gertie of her "exqueesite eyes." Gertie smiled and blushed. The Prince twisted his mustache. It was a pose he often practiced before the mirror when he wore the uniform of the Black Cavalry.

Gertie was folding paper napkins. The Prince liked her soft, capable hands. There was, he decided, a certain comfort in them; their swift, dexterous movements. She seemed so steadfast, so—so charmingly comfortable. And he was so bored with life.

"You will un'erstan', Gertie," the Prince said after a pause. "You know, not so?"

"You got a hard time?" Gertie piled the napkins quickly together.

"Ah, soch a time. Take everyt'in' from me. Haf not'in', not kopek, not penny."

"Ain't that bad?" Gertie shook her head sorrowfully.

"Some time," said the Prince, "we two go out, no? I shall tell you."

Gertie told it all to her particular friend.

"He wants to take me out," she said with a note of pride. "An' he's so good lookin', you ought to see."

"Better you get somebody steady. The sports run away from ya," cautioned the friend; and then craftily: "I t'o't you always liked Boris."

Gertie glanced out of a corner of her eye. She had seen Mary Pickford glance thus.

"Better two than one, no?"

The friend was envious.

"If you got two, you got nothin'. One gets jealous, and the other gets jealous. Better Boris."

"I like Boris," said Gertie. "But he don' say nothin'."

"Yea, an' them sports don' work. Wha's diffurence he's a prince? That don't pay no rent."

"Well, it ain't serious," observed Gertie. "He's a nice feller. I wouldn't marry him right away." A pause. "Boris don' say nothin'."

"Better like that," advised the friend. "They stay home an' don't run aroun' pinochle playin'."

At approximately this time the Prince was in a police station, Boris frantically closing his shop. Thus:

On Second Avenue the Prince met a soldier who had served under him. They talked. The soldier led the way to an illicit wine shop. The Prince lost the soldier. He found himself in front of a crockery shop. He lifted an ash can and hurled it through the window.

He recalled vaguely a street noisy with people, and a man in uniform. Then the police station, and the night court. Somehow the confusion cleared sufficiently for Boris to deposit a fine. Boris found himself upon the street, dragging the Prince homeward.

"Kneel, you, kneel," the Prince shouted.

Boris knelt and kissed the Prince's hands, imploring him to come home, while ragged little boys booed. Somehow the Prince was finally dragged home.

Morning came, and the Prince appeared for breakfast quite refreshed. In Russia drinking nights were nothing unusual, and the Prince's constitution was at least alcoholically hardy. Boris was overjoyed to see him. And Gertie, ignorant of the events of the preceding night, beamed her greeting.

And so the Prince-Gertie episode was continued. Boris did not know, and was happy; did not know, that is, until Gertie showed her bank book.

FOR Gertie accepted the Prince's invitation.

For a moment the Prince was in a quandary. But he sought out Boris, and said:

"I must have, so to speak, financial standing, Boris. I met an American friend yesterday, and I must, so to speak, be host at a restaurant. He has plans—for Russia, a counter-revolution."

"Yes, yes," murmured Boris. "How stupid of me!" He hurried to the cash register, and returned with several bills. The Prince accepted the money gingerly, and buried it quickly in a coat pocket.

The Prince took Gertie to one of the better-class moving picture houses. They walked down Fifth Avenue, the Prince gallantly swinging his stick with his right hand, his left snuggling under Gertie's arm. And Gertie was beautiful to see, with a new hat, her only pair of gloves and silk stockings, and a cluster of violets at her waist.

He took her home, and held her hand. Then Gertie, giggling, struggled out of his grasp and ran into the hallway. She awoke her particular friend and talked at great length.

The courtship progressed. Then Gertie showed her bank book to the Prince. From any standpoint at all it was wrong of Gertie. For there was Boris in the kitchen, likely as not to come out at any moment. And he did, just when Gertie knelt at the Prince's table, her finger running across the figures.

Boris clapped his hand to his head.

"Gertie!" he screamed. "Gertie!" He ran forward, purple with rage.

He wrung his hands. The Prince arose.

Gertie was quite red, but hurt.

"You don' havta scream at me," she quavered. "Ain't I gotta right to talk to him?"

"No, no," Boris sputtered. He could not think. The enormity of the offense overpowered him. He knew the significance of the bank book. A young lady on East Fourth Street showed that document to a young man only when matters were serious. And Gertie—and—the Prince.

"Boris!" the Prince's voice was sharp. "Boris! I am about to marry Gertie."

"Oh, your highness, your highness!"

"Enough, I have spoken."

EARLY that evening Boris closed his store. Gertie had gone home and the Prince to his room. Boris walked past his neighbors, responding abstractedly to their greetings. At Second Avenue he stopped at a florist's shop. He entered.

"A rose," he said.

"Two fur nickel."

"One," said Boris. He paid for it, and pinned it on his lapel. Boris had a creed.

He went directly to Gertie's room. He found her alone. At first she would not speak. Boris berated her gently, and she wept. He stopped.

"I don' mean nothin', Gertie. I don' mean nothin'. You soch nice girl."

Gertie wept louder. "What for you scream at me, then?"

"Ah, Gertie darling, I am mad. You soch nice girl. Don' cry, Gertie. No more. Your tears are beeyootiful, like diamonds."

Gertie continued to weep.

"You wanna marry Prince?" Boris gulped.

"I dunno," Gertie sobbed. "He never ast me."

"He say so."

"Yea, but he never ast me."

"I dunno."

"Maybe you like someone better, no, maybe?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe you—maybe you marry me. Gertie. Be mine wife, Gertie." Boris knelt, and took the rose gently from his lapel. He offered it to Gertie.

"Maybe!"

"Gertie!"

When the Prince appeared the following morning for his breakfast the store was closed. The Prince swore. What could this be? Boris opened the store at eight, and here it was nine. He could not understand it. Where was Boris? The fool never overslept. And Gertie, too, was not here. Strange.

Boris finally appeared, flushed, eyes downcast.

"Where have you been?" demanded the Prince irritably.

"I have been—to marry Gertie," Boris stammered.

Never did he see such anger in the Prince's eyes.

"You—you—you—valet—Gertie?"

Boris dropped to his knees (there on East Fourth Street).

"Your highness, your highness, I could not let you—I could not let you—marry below your station, your highness."

THE END

A Page of MOVIE REVIEWS

By Alva Taylor

MAN *and* MAID

Story by Elinor Glyn

Directed by Victor Schertzinger
A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Sir Nicholas Thormonde.....*Lew Cody*
Alathea Bulteel.....*Harriet Hammond*
Suzette.....*Renee Adoree*
Coralie.....*Paulette Duval*
Burton.....*Alec Francis*
Honorable Bobby Bulteel.....*Gerald Grove*
Lady Hilda Bulteel.....*Jacqueline Gadsden*

Lew Cody and Paulette Duval in *Man and Maid*

MAN AND MAID, "story, scenario, and continuity by Elinor Glyn"—"Personally supervised by Elinor Glyn"—opening subtitle: "Men are either elevated, degraded, or bored to death by women," by Elinor Glyn. In other words, Man and Maid is an Elinor Glyn picture, and if you have enjoyed her former movies you will be sure to like this one.

Lew Cody is Sir Nicholas Thormonde of the English army, who takes to writing a book when he is wounded in the World War. There are plenty of women who bore him. Paulette Duval plays one of them. Renee Adoree is the "hotsy totsy" with a landscaped French poodle and French heels, who degrades him. It takes Harriet Hammond, as Alathea, to elevate him.

Alathea is the daughter of an English "honorable" in reduced circumstances, who consents to being secretary to Sir Nicholas while he writes his book. But she wears black spectacles while in his presence because she is afraid her beauty may make him take more interest in her than in his dictation. But Sir Nicholas sees her without the spectacles one day and the process of elevation is under way.

Lew Cody is excellent as the romantic suitor. Harriet Hammond is an especially beautiful blonde. The picture is well put on, and generously supplied with entertainment.

A KISS *in the* DARK

From the Play, Aren't We All, by F. Lonsdale

Directed by Frank Tuttle A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Walter Grenham.....*Adolphe Menjou*
Janet Livingstone.....*Aileen Pringle*
Betty King.....*Lillian Rich*
Johnny King.....*Kenneth MacKenna*
Dancer.....*Ann Pennington*
Chorus Girl.....*Kitty Kelly*

Lillian Rich and Adolphe Menjou in *A Kiss in the Dark*

WALTER GRENHAM had plenty of money, plenty of leisure, and too great a weakness for pretty women. He loved Janet Livingstone, and wanted to marry her, but Janet suspected he might not make a good husband.

Betty King had a weakness for admiration from other men, though she adored her husband, and she made it very difficult for Walter Grenham. There ensued complications that had to be explained both to Walter's fiancee and Betty's husband. Not the kiss in the dark, for no one saw that, and it only made Betty want to go back to her husband, anyway.

A Kiss in the Dark is full of amusing situations. Menjou never fails to make a hit as the sophisticated ladies' man. To me he is one of the most entertaining of actors. One little twist of his face, and a thought is registered.

I WANT MY MAN

From Struthers Burt's Novel, The Interpreter's House

Directed by L. Hillyer A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Gulian Eyre.....*Milton Sills*
Vida Eyre.....*Doris Kenyon*
Lael Satori.....*May Allison*
Drusilla.....*Phyllis Haver*
Phillip.....*Paul Nicholson*
Mrs. Eyre.....*Kate Bruce*
Mrs. Satori.....*Theresa Maxwell Conover*
Mr. Eyre.....*Louis Stern*

May Allison

VIDA wanted her man—the one she married after he had been blinded in the war. But when he was to regain his sight, she wanted him, at equal odds, with his former fiancee who was waiting for him back home in New York. She didn't wish him to think she had married him out of sympathy—did not wish him to know that she had lied to him when she told him that she, too, was a victim of the war, with face scarred. She divorced him before he could see her with his restored vision, and went to his home as companion to his mother. You can imagine the outcome of the battle for Gulian Eyre between his ex-fiancee and his ex-wife. The picture is one you will enjoy.

Milton Sills

THE CHARMER

From the Novel, Mariposa, by Henry Baerlein

Directed by Sidney Olcott A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Mariposa.....*Pola Negri*
Ralph Bayne.....*Wallace MacDonald*
Dan Murray.....*Robert Frazer*
Mama.....*Trixie Friganza*
Senor Sprott.....*Cesare Gravina*
Bertha Sedgwick.....*Gertrude Astor*
Mr. Sedgwick.....*Edward Davis*
Mrs. Bayne.....*Mathilda Brundage*

Pola Negri and Wallace MacDonald in *The Charmer*

MARIPOSA danced in a cafe in Spain. She danced so well that a New York impresario gave her a contract to do bigger things in the dancing line on Broadway. She charmed so well that both the rich Ralph Bayne and his chauffeur, Dan, when they saw her at the Spanish cafe, longed to be the lucky one to have the rose from her hair, and the smile from her lips. Mariposa liked both of them, but Dan had the more honorable intentions. As Robert Frazer plays the part it is not difficult for you to guess which one of the men is part of the happy ending.

The Charmer, as Pola Negri's latest vehicle, serves the purpose as well as anything she has had lately. As a charmer Pola is one of the most satisfactory actresses on the screen. One ignores shortcomings of the story in watching the mobileness of her features and the litheness of her body. And she can dance.

You should like this picture. It has many light touches of comedy and plenty of drama. It is well directed, and it has, as has been mentioned, Pola Negri.

NEXT WEEK *Miss Taylor will review Proud Flesh, a Metro-Goldwyn picture; His Supreme Moment, released by First National; Adventure, produced by Paramount, and The Fool, produced by Fox.*

Peter and Wendy Are Growing Up

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

E. R. Richee Photo

ABOVE IS ANOTHER CHARMING BETTY who, a few years ago, was not as grown up on the screen as she is today. Now that she is a star, Betty Compson is as sophisticated as any of them. This photo of her was taken during the filming of Eve's Secret.

Wm. Potter Photo

WHEN SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Betty Bronson (above) played the immortal Peter Pan she perhaps was hoping like the boy of the Never Never Land that she need never grow up. Now she's not Peter any more, but is on the way to becoming a grown-up moving picture star. She's not playing wife and mother parts yet, but the day will come. You can see her in Are Parents People?

MARY BRIAN, the Wendy of Peter Pan (circle, left), is also stepping right along. Two of her pictures since the Barrie play are The Little French Girl and The Street of the Forgotten Men, the story of which appeared in Liberty.

All Ideas for

Liberty's $50,000

PRIZE STORY CONTEST

Must Be in by

Midnight, June 1

FINAL Notice to Contestants: If you have planned to submit an idea in Liberty's great contest—$50,000 for an idea suitable for a story for Liberty and for a motion picture—take notice that the contest closes at midnight, June 1. All entries must be in by that time.

The contest is open to everyone. Read the rules. Note that no writing experience is necessary—all that is wanted is an idea.

If you have an idea that you believe will make a good motion picture, and a good story for Liberty, write out your idea in your own language and send it in at once. You can use letter paper and write in longhand if you want to.

The winning idea will be produced as a Paramount picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and will be published serially in Liberty.

This is the largest offer of its kind ever made. In all probability it will bring world fame as well as fortune to the winner. This is your last chance to submit your idea.

Next Week:

Who entered Liberty's greatest contest? What sort of ideas were submitted to win the big $50,000.00 prize? Many interesting facts of importance, to contestants and the public alike, concerning Liberty's most sensational offer will be revealed in our next issue. Watch for next week's Liberty on the newsstands!

Here Are the Rules in Liberty's Remarkable Contest:

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less*. By "synopsis" we mean tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, heroine,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

boys earn money

Billy Attaway
Birmingham, Ala.

Every boy can now earn his own spending money in spare time, every week, just selling Liberty—and get wonderful free prizes besides. It's easy. No hard work—no long hours. Just a few hours a day—after school—in your own neighborhood. No money needed. Everything supplied by us. Get all details. Start right now to earn money—like thousands of other Liberty Boys.

Mail This Coupon!

Liberty, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William DeMille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation, and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay, or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

If your family is about this size

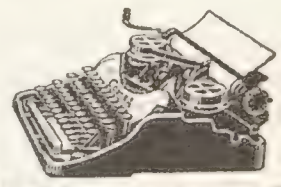
AND your income just about fits the family—

And your insurance just about takes care of your wife—

Have you ever thought how your daughter would get along if—?

Every family that has a daughter should own a Corona. For a knowledge of typewriting is the open sesame to woman's most pleasant and profitable line of work. A Corona in your home will give your daughter a vocation and a lot of fun besides. Our new Model Four has the standard keyboard taught in all business colleges.

Corona Four is portable and costs only $60. Easy terms if desired. Look for Corona in your phone book or write Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 168 Main St., Groton, N. Y



CORONA

"What sort of a lawn party is this? Deteckatives?"

The SPIDER and the FLYER

A Headlong Tale of Crooks in the Sky, and of a Young Man Who Fell Two Thousand Feet for a Girl

By WILLIAM S. FORMAN

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

JERRY JONES is an aviator in the air mail service. He takes a fall one day and thus meets Virginia, daughter of Tom Peabody, farmer. It is love at first sight. But Tom insists that Virginia marry Bud, son of his friend, Zenas Gillespie. Jerry and Virginia carry on a secret correspondence through an old judge, Virginia's neighbor, who is telling the story. While the two Gillespies and Tom Peabody are visiting the judge, Jerry drops a package addressed to Virginia, and marked "For God's sake, rush!" The judge hides the package and then notes that Jerry's plane is being attacked by another. The judge rushes around the house to tell his visitors. Two young men pile out of a roadster with automatics in their hands and order the Judge and his guests to "Stick 'em up!"

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

IT STRIKES me as likely that these two strangers want me to put my hands above my head; and you can bet I stop where I am and do it.

The two Gillespies fail to stick up their hands prompt. In fact, they neglect to stick 'em up at all. They tumble out of their chairs, each one trying to hide behind the other. Whereupon both of these astounding newcomers let fly with their guns, though whether they're shooting to kill I have no way of knowing. You

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EVERY man carries a shotgun and has all his dogs along.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

can see the bullet holes in the porch railing there, where I showed them to you prior; and the bullets come so close to Tom Peabody that he loses his temper and gets as mad as a hornet, as usual.

"What in the world is going on here?" he yells. "Can't a man come visiting here without getting his head blowed off? I never see such a place."

"You keep your trap shut, or I'll send you where you'll see a worse place than this," says the one that seems to be the leader of this ill-natured pair. "I'll do all the talking; you do the listening."

The other one points to me with his gun, and the leader hurries over to where I'm standing.

"You the guy that picked up that package?" he says.

"What package?" I ask him, for I always like to be judicial and accurate.

"I'll give you thirty seconds to hand over that package," he says. "I'm a United States post-office inspector, and my time here is limited." And he throws back his coat and shows a badge.

THEY turn to and search us all, one after the other, but of course they find no package.

"Now, my man," says the chief inspector to me, "let's go. What did you do with that package?"

"Package?" I says.

"P-a-c-k-i-d-g-e, package. The one Jerry Jones dropped from his airplane."

"Why," I says, "Jerry Jones never drops packages from his airplane. He always drops letters."

"Letters?" he repeats, staring.

"Yes, sir; letters."

"He writes letters to you?"

"Say," breaks in the other inspector, "how much time are you going to waste with this hick? Make him spill, or cave his conk in with your rod."

"You close up and stay closed," says the chief. "I'm running this show.

"Gentlemen," he says to us, "you're obstructing justice here, and laying yourselves liable to arrest. This crook who goes under the name of Jerry Jones was carrying a fifty thousand dollar necklace of black pearls, stolen either by himself or an accomplice from the jewelry house of Lewisohn Brothers in Chicago. He was pursued by officers in an airplane and by myself and my assistant here in an automobile; and when he saw capture was inevitable he tried to get rid of his evidence.

"He dropped that necklace into this yard. We saw him do it. This old man here picked it up and hid it somewhere. Unless it's turned over to me in thirty seconds I'll jail the lot of you as accessories after the fact and receivers of stolen property. So you'd better talk, and talk fast."

Well, he wouldn't need what they call a rod to knock me down then. A tap with a feather would have stood me upside down. Jerry Jones a crook, hauling his loot in his United States mail plane, and victimizing me and Virginia into carrying on the most clandestine love affair in the history of this county! There's a fine skunk for you.

"You're under arrest," he says to me. "And it's a long stretch in the stir for you, alongside of Jerry Jones, unless you come through, and come running. Many a better guy than you has saved his hide by turning state's evidence. Where's that necklace?"

"Just a minute here," I says. "Being under arrest, I want to make a statement on behalf of myself. While I never stole nothing in my life, and certainly don't intend to start by stealing female necklaces, the fact remains that I may not have been entirely discretionary in this matter. I'll tell you what I know about it, and leave it to you all to judge whether I'm a criminal or just a damn fool."

"For the love of Peter!" says the assistant inspector. "How long are you going to listen to these bucolics? You'll be helping this old guy milk his cows next."

"You move over and take your foot off your feet," says the chief, and he says it nasty, too. "I'm in charge here. We're making progress. Go ahead, Helpless; tell us your bedtime story, but make it snappy."

Well, I run him around the mulberry tree as long as I can. While I'm talking against time thataway I'm trying to think this thing out and decide what's best to do. If they find the package they also find the note to Virginia; in which case she probably goes to jail with me. And I'd cut my tongue out before I'd mix up a girl like Virginia in a mess like this.

I'm just about to run out of gas, and the assistant inspector has just respectfully requested permission to wallop me over the head with his gun and be done with me, when who should come strolling around the house but Virginia Peabody in person, wearing her knickers and all flushed up like she's been making time; and I tell you she's as pretty as corn on the cob.

"Zowie!" she says, staring at the two inspectors standing there holding their guns on us. "What sort of a lawn party is this? Deteckatives? Bud Gillespie, I'll bet you've been robbing a blind man."

"We'll rub out and start over," says the chief inspector, although I notice he takes time to waste a few glances on Virginia. "You'll hand

over that string of pearls right now, without further stalling, or I'll blow your lousy head off."

"He'll do it, too," says Virginia. "You can tell by the way he says it he'll blow your lousy head off, Judge. So you'd better hustle up and tell him you hid that necklace under a milk can back there in the sod house."

"So!" says the inspector, and smiles. "It's under the milk can in the old sod house! Irving Berlin never wrote a better line than that. Well, young lady, much obliged to you; and I'll see that you're cut in for a piece of the reward. But I'll tell you one thing: the necklace better *had* be under the milk can in the old sod house. Fall in, everybody. Take the lead, Squire. Forward, march, to the sod house."

We march into the sod house single file, and with the chief inspector's automatic about an inch from my ear and the assistant inspector's automatic holding the others in line behind me, I lift up the milk can. And I dang near fall in a faint when I do so. There's no package or letter there. The necklace is gone!

The chief inspector wheels on Virginia, his face speckled like a rattlesnake.

"Why, you——" he begins, and then he turns to his assistant and says, "All right; I understand it now. She's got it on her, Red. That's why she's been laughing at us. Great little kidder, ain't you, cutie? Yes. Well, I'll learn *you* something. Search her, Red. And if any guy lifts a finger I'll blow his brains out."

They search her. But they find nothing.

"NOW we'll talk turkey," says the inspector, and he speaks quiet, like men of his stripe do when they mean what they're saying. "You people will tell me where that necklace is or I'll mark this girl for life right here before your eyes."

There we stand, helpless to prevent anything they want to do—three old men and a half-wit boy against these two bullies with their automatics.

"Virginia," I says, and it's about all I can do to talk at all, "I don't understand this. For God's sake, don't think I'm putting you in these men's power to save my own hide. I swear I put that package here. If I knew where it was you don't think I'd stand here and see——"

But I never get to finish. There's the sudden roar of automobiles plunging up to the front of my house, and the shouts of what seems like a whole army of men; and when they hear it the two inspectors bolt from the sod house like a flash and run for their roadster. But they can't make it. They're cut off. They see that, and they turn and dash into the barn, shooting back over their shoulders as they run.

"Now it's *my* turn," says Virginia. She's white and shaken, which is not to be wondered at. "They'll get theirs now. The trap they're tumbling into I set myself, telephoning the sheriff when I got Jerry's note here; and I'll boast of it as long as I live. BOY! That was close—I won by about two seconds."

Yes, sir. This mob that has come roaring up in autos is a posse headed by the sheriff of this county; and every man carries a shot-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mothers Give the Children Wrigley's

They love its long-lasting refreshing flavor.

They will benefit by its friendly aid to teeth appetite and digestion.

As a means of keeping their teeth clean and combating acid mouth Wrigley's is worth many times its price.

Doctors recommend it for those convalescing from fever.

"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

gun and has all his dogs along. Which, if you'd total up all the men and guns and dogs, you'd have enough material to take Europe again. There's the Ed Keigher family and their seven dogs, and the Hobe Johnsons and their nine dogs, and Irv Harneck and Bill Prendergast and their ten-twelve dogs, and Nace Sheffrey and that dog of his he calls a bloodhound, which this alleged bloodhound has the asthma so bad I doubt if he could find a tannery; and an army of other people and odds and ends of dogs.

At bay in the barn, the two inspectors start to shoot it out with them. The posse whoops with joy at such a prospect; it's a lot better sport than shooting rabbits. They surround the barn and simply give these two post-office officials both barrels at a time; and their unparalleled congress of dogs goes running around the scene in circles, yelping and yowling and turning somersaults from sheer pleasure over such an unprecedented big-game hunt.

YOU never hear such a riot of noises in your born days. The way both sides whang loose at each other and shoot my place up you'd think improved property in this part of Illinois is worth about two bits an acre.

But no battle under such conditions can last long; the odds are too topheavy. The sheriff never has to carry out his threat to set my barn on fire, which is the only time I take a trick this whole day. For the inspectors finally wave a white handkerchief out of the hayloft window, and the sheriff goes in and brings them out in handcuffs. Whereupon Deputy Sheriff Bud Gillespie takes his star off his vest and pins it on the outside of his coat, and takes the lead in escorting the prisoners to the front porch, where all us noncombatants are huddled.

"The way you treated my daughter I'd ought to take you back into that sod house and hang you," says Tom Peabody to the chief inspector. "I'd like to see the post office that would tolerate a hound like you. I got my doubts if you was ever a post-office inspector in your life."

"Post-office inspector?" says Virginia, and busts out laughing. "Was that his story? That wins the combination radio and electric dish washer. Why, don't you know this man?"

"No, I don't," says Tom. "Neither did I ever know Adam and Eve."

"You ought to mix around more and get acquainted with our leading jewelry thieves. This one is the king-pin of them all. Usually works in Chicago, New York, London, and Paris, where it's safer. I've seen his picture many a time in the Chicago papers; and when Jerry told me in his note who was chasing him I could have picked this guy right out of even a crowd like this. Meet the father, Spider. That's what they call him, father—the Spider. And that just about describes him."

"But he's got a post-office inspector's badge on him, Virginia," I says.

"Times change," she says. "Jesse James only had a horse."

Can you beat that, young man? In all my experience on the bench as a justice of the peace it's without a precedent. A crook like this going around terrorizing honest people into believing he's an agent of the law! There's a fine skunk for you.

"But who hung that thing on Bud Gillespie?" demands Virginia, pointing to the star on Bud's coat. Which out there in the sun it looks about the size of a barrel head.

"I'm an officer," says Bud.

"Officer of what? A lodge?"

"Say, I'm a deputy sheriff!"

"Zowie! Got authority to search people?"

"You bet your life I have!"

"My!" says Virginia. "I'm mighty glad you didn't get careless and search yourself, after Spider searched you."

"What are you talking about?" says Bud. And I confess I don't blame him for asking.

"Why," says Virginia, "when I came around the house with that necklace on me and ran smack into the Spider's guns I figured everybody else had been searched and they'd undoubtedly search me, too. So I had to shed that jewelry, and shed it quick. I hid it—hid it right here."

And she reaches into Bud Gillespie's right-hand coat pocket and pulls out the necklace.

I SET down quick on the porch steps, and Tom Peabody pardons himself and says he thinks he'll go over to the house and get some Triple Apricot. The sheriff and the two Gillespies and Ed Keigher of the posse climbs into the sheriff's car and starts for town with the prisoners; and just then who should come stalking along but Jerry Jones, with one arm in a sling.

"Well?" says Virginia.

Jerry flushes and starts to say something, but seems to change his mind.

"Yes?" says Virginia.

"I guess I better go help the posse track down those two eggs that tried to murder me," says Jerry. "Know what they did? They shot acid into the wings of my plane with a squirt gun; and I'll leave it to the Postmaster General if that isn't taking undue liberties with the United States mails."

"You're not going anywhere to hunt any eggs," says Virginia. "What you're going to do is something different. You're going to sit right down here and do the tallest lot of explaining about that necklace that ever was attempted. I never acquired the habit of marrying any salaried man that goes breezing around with fifty-thousand-dollar necklaces in his pocket, unless he can tell a pretty fair story and stick to it."

"And I'm the guy that can tell it," says Jerry.

"I certainly hope you can," says Virginia. "As a matter of cold fact, you'll *have* to."

SO Jerry squares off and starts talking; but if I'm any judge of human countenances and things like that he's not overconfident.

"Well," Jerry starts out, "this whole thing seems to have started about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, when an elderly gentleman called on me at my hotel in Chicago and explained that due to a train wreck he was a couple of days behind schedule on his return from a trip somewhere East on important business, and his only daughter was being married in Omaha, and he simply had to manage in some way to get this necklace there before the hour set for the wedding, and he asked me as a favor to carry it to Omaha by plane, since it was essential under the circumstances to beat the regular mails; and so——"

"That was a nice, careless, offhand request to make of you," says Virginia. "Who is this haphazard elderly gentleman who entrusts fifty thousand dollars' worth of pearls to an utter stranger?"

"Well, his name is Jones."

"Another Jones," says Virginia, turning to me and nodding. "You know Jones. Runs a big pearl fishery off the coast of Arizona."

"His name is Jones," Jerry goes on, patiently. "Colonel John J. Jones. And he's thoroughly all right. A big man; one of the biggest in the West. President of a string of banks and owns some street car lines and brokerage houses and a few assorted electric light companies, and God knows what."

"How long have you been palling around with such scum?"

"Why, he's known my family ever since I was a kid. We all live in Omaha, and we're all named Jones. Nothing strange about that. There are several families in Omaha named Jones; you'd be surprised. Who's telling this story—you or me?"

"There's one thing I want you to understand," says Virginia. "I've got an ace up my sleeve, and at the psychological moment I intend to lead it at you. So watch your step."

"Fair enough," says Jerry. "Lead, and see if I care. Now we'll go ahead.

"Well, I hated to turn the old sport down, he was so genuinely

worried about that wedding. So I went over to Lewisohn Brothers with him, and it was a rather interesting visit, too, because you don't see people buying a fifty thousand dollar necklace every day—at least I don't.

"I guess while we were there in the store we talked too much with our mouths. I understand—though, of course, this is only hearsay—that big crooks have ways of getting information about such purchases.

"Anyway, this was yesterday. Last night a plain clothes man from Central Detail over in La Salle Street dropped in to see me.

"'This may be nothing but a sleigh ride,' he said, 'but a hophead stool pigeon I've been using lately tells me you'll be carrying some valuable cinders or something tomorrow, and the Spider plans to take them away from you.'

"'Who's the Spider?' I asked.

"'A gun with a reputation based on real ability; specializes in diamonds and pearls.'

"'Thanks,' I said. 'I'll arrange it so he can't.'

"But the next morning while I was at breakfast the detective called again.

"'Guess I handed you a phoney,' he said. 'I looked around for Spider and find he left last night on an auto trip. That seems to let you out; sorry if I gave you a little unnecessary worry.'

"SO I took off this morning with the necklace in my pocket; and since nothing untoward had happened on the ground I was hardly expecting an ambush in the air. The fact is, I suppose, that this conscientious stool pigeon, having warned the flatty to warn me, turned right around and warned Spider that I had been warned. That's what stool pigeons call playing both ends against the middle.

"And the Spider seems to have done some scientific figuring. About the time I hopped off from Maywood his pals probably took off from one of those fields out on the Waukegan Road. Spider had doped out just about where to be waiting with his car to pick up the necklace and possibly some souvenir pieces of myself.

"When I discovered I was being chased by a plane I realized what and who it was; and I dashed off an explanation to you, Virginia, and you did the rest.

"Take the witness. That's my story."

"And it stands up like a one-legged man on a banana peeling," comments Virginia. "Jerry, you're the biggest prevaricator I ever listened to. The truth simply isn't in you. And what girl wants to be tied for life to a congenital liar?"

"You do," he says. "And, what's more, it's going to happen right away. I've wired Chicago for another plane, and when it arrives we're going to Omaha like Sherman went to the sea. And just wherein do you think I've been lying?"

"You're covering up on the fact that Colonel John J. Jones is your father," says Virginia. "That's wherein."

"Sure I am," he declares, staring. "What makes you so sure of it?"

"Why, because when I get information I get it straight from the feed box. For two years at school in Chicago I roomed with a girl from Omaha. We correspond. I ask questions. She answers them. That's all. And her name's not Jones, either. It's Smith. Imogene Marion Maybelle Smith."

"Well, I'm damned," says Jerry, and states it as a fact. "Imogene Smith is my sister's best chum."

"You're right for once. I knew that, too."

Jerry looks uncomfortable. It's been my experience that there come times in every man's life when he'd relish a change of subject and scenery. I once see a city feller who used to spend his summers here reach up under the eaves of his cottage and brush down a hornets' nest with a broom. He hasn't been back here since.

"Of course," Jerry explains, "I intended to tell you later on that I am old man Jones's son Jerry Jones; but I played like I was a smart Aleck and was saving that up as a surprise for you when I took you into Omaha. I'm full of such smart frivolities as that."

"Yes, that would have been a smart trick," says Virginia. "Nothing like making the wild cat wilder. Why didn't you speak up like a man while I was putting you back together there in that straw stack?"

"I couldn't. The fact is, at that time the governor and I weren't on speaking terms. He wouldn't speak to me and I wouldn't let him.

"And it wasn't wholly my fault, either. The governor is the finest old guy that ever bought a necklace, but sometimes he's unreasonable. You can't expect a young fellow like me to come out of the army and quit the flying game and sit down at a desk and learn to run a bank like you'd sit down in a restaurant and order a steak.

"Why, the governor put me to work keeping books in that bank at a hundred a month; and every time I made a mistake and showed a shortage—which was practically all the time—they'd charge it against my salary; and at the end of the month I owed the bank more money than the bank owed its depositors.

"So I told the governor he could take any such career as that and stick it in his eye; and I walked out and left the entire fiscal, financial and fiduciary system of the Mississippi Valley flat on its back, and went down to Washington and got a job in the air mail.

"The governor kicked up quite a row about it. He disinherited me and cut me off without a penny and whatever else he could think of, pending such time as I might return to the bank on my hands and knees. And from the way he pounded his valuable mahogany office furniture to pieces with his fist, I believe the old boy really meant it.

"But that's all patched up now. He sure had to come to me with his hat in his hand on that necklace proposition there in Chicago yesterday. And I found a bootlegger with some Scotch with less formaldehyde in it than the old gentleman had tasted lately, and about the fifth wallop we ironed out our differences and agreed to be friends again, and by the time the bottle was flooey we were like brothers."

"And just when and where did you get the hunch that this plutocrat father of yours would ever stand for a hick like me?" says Virginia.

"WHY, that's all arranged, too. When I told the governor about you and declared I was about to marry and settle right down on the ground he whacked me on the head and sent for some more Scotch and we celebrated all over the hotel. You and I are simply aces with the governor. And when we get to Omaha and he sees just what I really have copped out and added to the Jones family tree, he'll come out of his office and throw his coat on the walk, like Sir Walter Raleigh, and tell us to hurry into the bank and help ourselves. It's a pipe; there's nothing to it."

Just then there's the whine of a motor overhead, and an airplane comes plunging into view in the sky over to the east of us. She's a mail plane, and she's coming lickety split.

"Rescued!" says Jerry. "Our deliverers have come to take us off this wretched island. And there are a few facts about that necklace I ought to explain to you. You see——"

"Help!" says Virginia to me. "Put something under me and prop me up. This guy is going to tell a brand new version."

"Well," says Jerry, "the fact is this particular necklace—I mean the one we have here, Virginia—isn't really worth as much as fifty thousand dollars, and I might add that it doesn't really belong to my father at all."

"No," Virginia moans. "No."

"But that's very easily explained. You see, when I told the governor about what that detective told me about what that stool pigeon told him—just a moment, now—about the Spider planning to knock me off, and all that, the governor got cold feet on the whole proposition and said he'd take the necklace through to Omaha himself by private car, guarded by practically all the armed resources of the State. Which he did.

"But by that time I had a necklace fever. I simply had to have a necklace to carry. I pointed out to the governor that unless he gave me a necklace my whole day would be ruined. So the governor, taking another drink, said that he himself felt the necklace obsession, and he said that since he had acquired the habit of buying necklaces for wedding gifts, and in order to sort of encourage another wedding in the Jones family, so that he might feel that he had completed the business of marrying off his children and could feel free to attend to his other affairs, he would buy another and a final necklace.

"THIS concluding necklace he purchased as a wedding present to you, Virginia, and he made me swear I would not drop in anywhere and give it to anybody else; and so we shook hands and he went on to Omaha.

"And while this one of yours is a first class necklace, Virginia, I won't misrepresent it as having cost fifty thousand dollars. I never like to be even suspected of lying. I let the governor down for exactly one-fifth that amount; because, when I came to think of it, I realized that when you and I get to Omaha the governor still has two rings to buy for us—a solitaire and also a wedding ring. So, of course, I took all that into consideration."

"You mean to tell me you let your poor old father pay ten thousand dollars for a wedding present for ME?"

"Sure I let him. In fact, I sort of egged him on."

"You ought to be shot!"

"Shot?" says Tom Peabody, coming around the house with a jug in his hand. "Somebody shot again? I never see the like of it. You can't look anywheres in this neighborhood without finding a bullet hole."

And that's all I remember about this case, young man. I never did get to see Jerry and Virginia climb into that airplane and start eloping. Because I was dog tired; worn out; sixty-five years old and going through a day like this! Virginia told me I looked like the wreck of the Hesperus.

The last thing I do recall is Jerry and Virginia standing close together here on my front porch, shading their eyes and watching their airplane make her landing. Jerry leaned down and whispered something, and Virginia gave him a kind of a tired, twisted little smile and reached up and put her arms around his neck, and lifted her lips to his.

"Forever and ever and ever?" says Jerry.

"And then some," says Virginia.

I settled back in my rocking chair and put my feet on the railing and went to sleep.

THE END

Any Job Fits *an* Ambitious College Man

OF the five hundred and forty-four thousand college boys and girls who will be turned loose for vacation with the closing of the six hundred and eighteen universities and colleges in this country this year, two-thirds of whom will find some sort of summer employment, a lad from old Rutgers seems to have stumbled upon the most unusual job.

This genius has arranged to catch lightning bugs for the biological department of Rutgers, and during the summer will be found chasing the festive glowworms along the banks of the Raritan River and placing them in jars for scientific study.

Most of the others, instead of pursuing lightning bugs, will enjoy the pursuit of adventure and fun. More undergraduates of American universities and colleges will work all or part of this summer than ever before, and their ambition seems to be to see which can go the farthest during the vacation and which can find the oddest sort of employment.

The case of four college boys is typical. Meeting at a week-end party in New York, they discussed their plans for the summer. One had cinched a job acting as "chambermaid" on a cattle boat to England; one had a "swell job" shoveling ashes in the electric light plant of his home town; another was going to South America as cabin boy on a steamship, while the fourth planned to drive an airplane spreading poison fumes to kill the boll weevil in the cotton fields in his native State.

According to the answers to questionnaires distributed among college students, more than fifty-five per cent of them will work during the summer, and the figures indicate another change in custom. A smaller percentage of college men will "help dad" in the office and factory than in previous years. This, according to the experts, is not because the boys are less devoted to their fathers but because both fathers and sons have reached the conclusion that it is better for the boy to work for someone else, and learn new ways of doing business.

The percentage of the boys from rural districts who will return home to help with the farm work is not much changed.

The relation between industry and education is closer than ever before in this country. More than sixty per cent of the universities and colleges maintain agencies to establish liaison with essential industries and to conserve man power. Statistics show that forty-four per cent of the college students of the United States support themselves fully or in part, and that a little over ten per cent of them earn enough to pay their entire way through college.

The University of Chicago reports that more than fifty per cent of its students work during vacation. In the East the range extends from forty-four per cent at Yale to twenty-eight per cent at Princeton, while some of the Middle-Western State universities show that as high as fifty-eight per cent of their students work during vacations.

Yale's report from its bureau of appointments last fall reveals an astonishing earning power on the part of undergraduates, who, during the year, earned three hundred and eighty-two thousand two hundred and six dollars in sixty-four classes of employment.

Nearly two hundred thousand dollars of this was earned by undergraduates during term time, and one thousand three hundred and fifty-four men, thirty-two per cent of the total enrollment, earned all or part of their college expenses. Five hundred and sixty-six Yale men worked for their board and lodging, saving the biggest item of college expenses.

College professors may raise a cry when they learn that giving blood to sick people is a source of profit to college boys, especially athletes. As a matter of fact, one hundred and fifty University of Michigan students help pay their way through college by selling their blood for transfusions, according to Dr. John L. Garvey, chief resident of the university hospital. They are paid on the basis of fifteen dollars for three hundred cubic centimeters or less. For amounts over this the student receives five dollars for each additional hundred cubic centimeters.

The idea of combining pleasure with profit and making the work an adventure as well as "fun" appears to be uppermost in the minds of the boys, and a peculiar feature of their jobs is that so few take employment at the line of work which they will follow after graduation. Nor do they care how rough or dirty is the job. Most of them prefer the "black gang"—coal passers—on a ship to the duties of a cabin boy.

But the movement of college men to foreign lands has received a shock this year, and fewer men will find work as cabin boys, assistant stewards, deckhands, and waiters. The Atlantic liners put a bit of a crusher on this movement, because they have found that college boys are not altogether dependable. Many of them worked their way to Europe and then failed to return to the ship for the home voyage, and more, after signing to go, failed to appear (usually after notifying their fathers of their intention and receiving summary orders to come home instead). However, some of the boys who made good in other years are welcomed by steamship officials.

The biggest move and the one most significant in industry is the tendency of college boys, especially those from technical schools, to find summer employment in the building trades and at other forms of manual labor. The shortage of labor in the building trades and the tremendous building program have caused some of the unions in many sections to yield the closed shop principle in favor of college men, who, they know, will not be permanently employed. Plasterers and lathers, and, in rarer instances,

Airplane Pilot, Circus Strong Man, Pullman Car Conductor—These Are Some of the Many Unusual Jobs He'll Be Holding Down This Summer to Earn Money for the Coming Year!

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

By HUGH FULLERTON

bricklayers, have accepted the help of the boys during the rush building season.

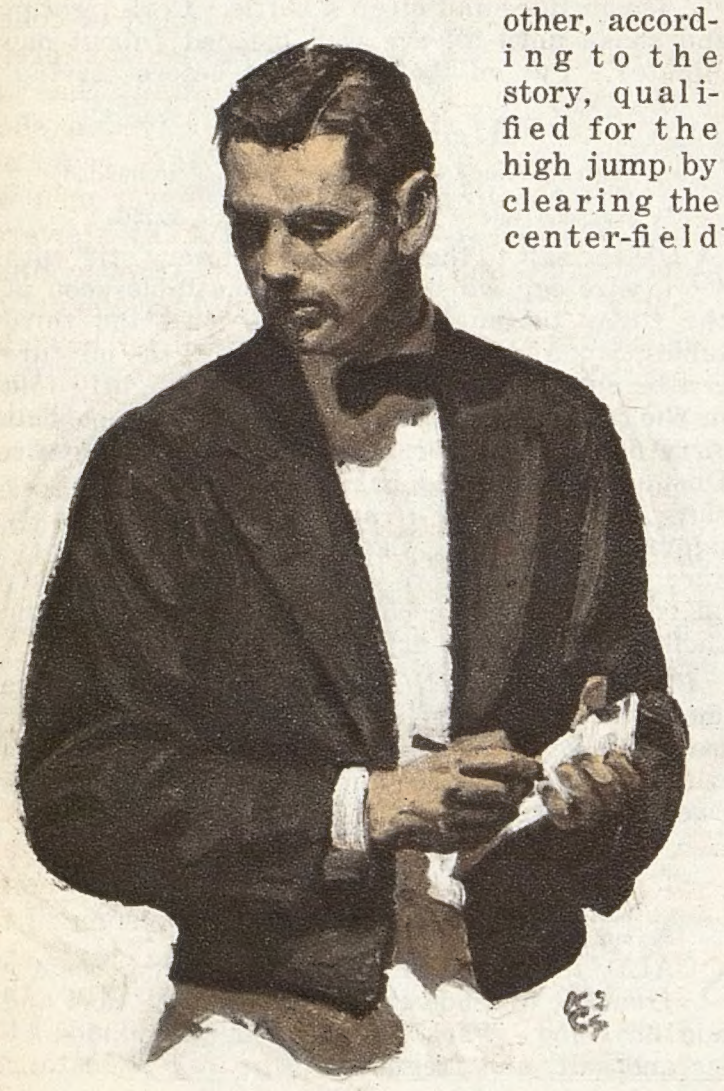
Columbia University and University of Chicago students have discovered a new and interesting form of summer employment. Last year about twenty found jobs as sleeping car and dining car conductors, and three of the Columbia boys found the work so engaging that they continued to take out runs from New York during their entire school year, employment which did not interfere with other college duties.

One student — Allan Carter — arranged an ingenious schedule by which he could attend lectures both in Columbia and Chicago during his lay-overs, and continued his studies during rest periods on the run between New York and Chicago.

Tutoring, clerking, waiting table at resort hotels, and acting as athletic directors at summer camps furnish the greatest number of students with employment, except farm work. The book-agent student is still on the job, but in smaller numbers than in other years.

Athletics furnish a steadily increasing field. The demand for athletic directors, coaches, and recreation leaders in boys' and girls' camps is greater this year. It is estimated that at least eight thousand college men will be engaged in that sort of work.

Two Columbia students started last season as umpires in a minor league, and one survived and will return to that work this summer. The other, according to the story, qualified for the high jump by clearing the center-field fence while the crowd pursued him, his decision having raised the ire of the home-town fans.



Two Princeton youths landed nice jobs driving cars for wealthy Americans in Europe during this summer, and are the envy of their less fortunate fellow students.

Two famous Princeton cross-country runners combine industry with training—or did last summer, and likely will get the same employment again. They had a job in the cemetery at their home town, assisting the sexton—so that if the Triangle Club wants them they can play first and second grave diggers. As incidental training they were the de luxe grass cutters of East Liverpool, Ohio, training for cross-country running by pursuing lawn mowers over the plots.

NO one at Columbia appears to know what William Cullen Bryant Kemp will do during his vacation—his thirty-third summer vacation, according to Columbia tradition, which is sincerely disputed by Mr. Kemp. The trouble with Kemp's case is that going to college is his business. The idea seems to be that there are nine hundred and twenty-one special courses offered at the university, and Kemp intends to take all of them.

The tradition is that, back in the days when Columbia was King's College, one of Kemp's rich relations died and left him an annual income sufficient to maintain him in the manner of a gentleman—the allowance to continue during his college career. They say (and Mr. Kemp mildly denies) that he has continued to go to college ever since, and thus earns enough by going to school nine months to support him through the vacation period.

The character of employment among college men varies with the section. More than sixty-five per cent of the University of California men are employed during the summer at essential industries, and the fall reunion brings them from mines, ranches, and lumber camps, from Japan, China, Australia, the Philippines, and the Hawaiian Islands.

The Middle-Western college boy can find plenty of work: The wheat harvest, starting in Texas and moving northward week by week, calls for tens of thousands of harvesters, and among these itinerant workers are found hundreds of college youths, earning money so that they may return to school. Last year, in one caravan of harvesters which started in Oklahoma and worked north into Canada, there was a group of twenty boys who, every evening after work, gathered and practiced football. They represented eight big universities, and most of them were among the football heroes of the fall campaign.

The highest paid farm labor reported is for college men who can drive farm tractors, their knowledge of motors and mechanics serving them well.

There were more than a dozen college boys in the labor gang of Ringlings' circus last summer, and two had "white collar" jobs with the show. The son of one of the owners—a Yale student—posted bills with Car No. 1. One college strong man earned a lot of money by giving exhibitions of strength in a side show of another circus, but under an assumed name.

A Yale sophomore reported that he drove a hearse last year, and expects to do so again this summer.

Dartmouth had one bunch of boys working on a big government survey in the Rockies. Amherst had half a dozen who worked as forest rangers, and Ohio State reported two boys who earned money giving airplane exhibitions, and one Western Reserve youth flew a mail plane all summer.

The lists of what college boys do in summer cover the whole field—actor, advertiser, bank clerk, bell boy, chauffeur, draftsman, elevator operator, lawyer, manual training teacher, ship carpenter, timber cruiser, minister, messenger, Chautauqua manager, furnace man, janitor, detective, drug clerk—and one calmly reports "bootlegger," perhaps as a joke on the questionnaire. Musicians, paymasters, ushers, waiters, publicity managers, settlement workers, surveyors, conductors, proctors and hat boys, "chambermaids" on cattle boats—these are only a few of their activities.

THE END

The SPRING LUNCHEON

By Ethel M. Somers

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

TRUE hospitality, which will make your guests feel at home, is founded on the subtle influence of the gracious, unhurried hostess. Such a hostess is not wondering if everything will go smoothly. She has kept along familiar ways—for a well-cooked meal is half the battle—and has planned her service to a nicety.

For your luncheon table the requisites are smooth, immaculate linen and a low central bowl of seasonable flowers, with place cards in keeping. Each cover (*i. e.*, the space set for each individual) should be properly set with brilliant silver and an attractive service, or place, plate. Special care should always be taken not to overcrowd the table. Beautiful and elegant service always appears simple.

It is no longer customary to find *hors d'œuvres* in place when the guests assemble. These are set upon the service plates after the guests are seated, the service plates being removed with those of the *hors d'œuvres*. No one, it is interesting to note, is without a plate at any time during the luncheon.

All formal service is carried out from the left, except that beverages are placed from the right. Always use the left hand in placing or removing a plate. Place and remove plates one at a time. If presenting a dish containing food, such as the cheese sauce in the menu given herewith, have a squarely folded napkin on the left hand, under the dish. Stand to the left of and behind the chair.

Special care should be taken not to overcrowd. Elegant service always appears simple.

Spring Luncheon Menu

Tomato Canape *Consomme*
Club Celery
Ripe and Green Olives
Rolled Sandwiches
Rice Croquettes *Cheese Sauce*
Lettuce and Grapefruit Salad
Glazed Meringue Shells
Demi-tasse

Tomato Canape

6 slices of toast
6 whole tomatoes
Water cress to garnish
1 cup crab flakes
4 tablespoons seasoned mayonnaise
5 or 6 drops tabasco sauce if desired

SELECT well shaped, uniform tomatoes. Peel the tomatoes, cut off the stem ends for caps, and hollow out the centers. Mix the crab flakes, mayonnaise, and sauce if desired. Stuff the cavities in the tomatoes. Replace the cap ends and garnish with water cress. Chill and serve on rounds of buttered toast garnished with cress.

Consomme

1 pound beef
1 pound bone and marrow, veal preferred
¼ teaspoon celery seed
5 peppercorns
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon of powdered mixed herbs
½ cup sliced carrot
2 cloves
2 quarts cold water
½ bay leaf
1 sprig parsley
½ large onion, scraped
½ cup sliced turnip

CUT or grind the meat in small pieces. Fry out some of the fat and bone marrow and brown about one-third of the meat and vegetables in it. Put all the meat, seasonings, and water into a soup kettle. Cover and let soak one hour. Then cook below simmering for three hours. Remove scum as it forms. Strain and cool. Skim off the fat. Add the remaining vegetables and boil one hour. Clarify by boiling gently ten minutes, having added one beaten egg white and the crumpled shell. Mix thoroughly until the soup starts to boil and then let it boil gently without stirring. Strain through cheesecloth wrung out of hot water. Add one teaspoon shredded, blanched almonds to each cup of consomme.

CLUB CELERY may be made by cutting cleaned, tender celery hearts or small stalks lengthwise with a long sharp knife, so that they fall into three or four pieces.

ROLLED SANDWICHES. The bread must be very fresh and cut very thin and even. Trim off the crusts. Spread with creamed or softened butter, roll as for jelly roll, and fasten with a skewer or toothpick. Place in a bowl and cover with a damp cloth wrung from hot water (do not let this touch the sandwiches). Let stand at least fifteen minutes. Remove skewers just before serving.

Rice Croquettes

2 cups cooked rice
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup melted butter
2 pimentos, minced
2 egg yolks, beaten
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Egg and crumbs for coating

WASH one-half cup rice thoroughly and place in the upper section of a double boiler with one cup milk, one cup water, and the salt. Cook over water, stirring occasionally, for one hour, or until the rice is tender. The bulk of the rice should now approximate two cups. Cool the rice and add the other ingredients. Roll in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again. Fry in deep hot fat (375° F.) to attain a rich brown in color. At this temperature, a cube of bread should brown in forty seconds. Serve hot, with the cheese sauce, and garnish with parsley.

Cheese Sauce

¼ cup cream
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup grated cheese
Dash of Cayenne

MELT the butter, remove from the fire, add the flour, and mix until smooth. Gradually stir in the milk and cream. Stir and cook five to seven minutes. While the sauce is hot add the cheese; more cheese may be added if desired. Half Swiss and half Parmesan cheese makes an especially fine sauce. Keep over hot water until served. (Do not allow the water to boil, as it will then toughen and curdle the cheese.)

LETTUCE AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD may be prepared by arranging peeled and skinned sections of grapefruit on curly lettuce leaves. Garnish with fresh strawberries and dress with French dressing.

French Dressing

1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
6 tablespoons salad oil
Dash Cayenne pepper
1½ tablespoons grapefruit juice
½ tablespoon lemon juice

MIX the dry ingredients and put them with the lemon juice and oil in a bottle. Cork tightly, and shake until all are well blended (about one minute). Put on the salad just before serving.

Meringue Shells

¼ cup egg whites (3 egg whites)
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup fine granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla

ADD the salt to the eggs and beat very stiff with a wire egg whisk. Beat in one tablespoon of the sugar thoroughly, then a second and third tablespoon, and continue beating until the mixture can be cut clean with a knife. Then lightly fold in the remaining sugar. Drop by tablespoonfuls on a damp paper, or shape with a pastry tube. Dust with sugar and bake on a board in a very slow oven (275° F.) until dried (about sixty minutes), increasing the heat at the last to produce a delicate brown color. When thoroughly baked, remove the uncooked centers and return the shells to the oven to dry out.

GLAZED MERINGUE. Use two meringue shells for each person, putting one-third cup of ice cream or fruit ice between the two. Garnish with whipped cream and serve with crushed, sweetened strawberries.

Ice Cream

1 pint cream
⅜ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla

SCALD the cream in a double boiler, remove from the fire, add the sugar at once. Cool and add flavoring. Pack in a freezer surrounded by ice and salt, and freeze.

Beech-Nut
CANDY
FRUIT DROPS
They're everywhere
—and so refreshing
Beech-Nut
LEMON
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LEMON DROPS
5¢
LEMON-ORANGE-LIME flavors

Kodak Film—the dependable film in the yellow box.

The film that gives the same results from roll to roll, so that you can rely on it.

Kodak Film excels on every count—speed, latitude, uniformity—and each is of picture-making importance.

Use Kodak Film, the dependable film in the yellow box.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*